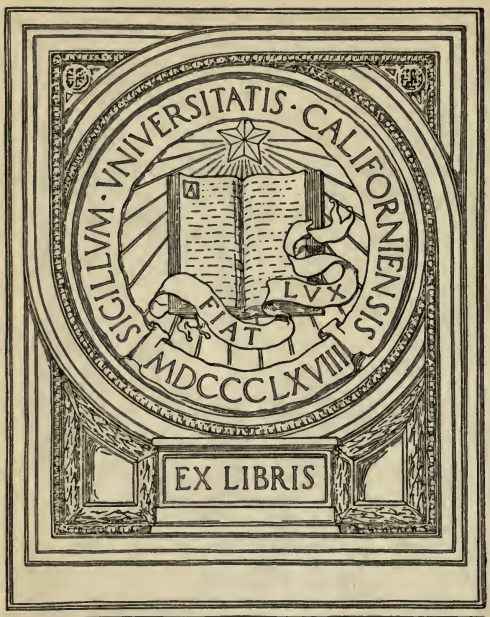
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THE MIRTHFUL LYRE

Books by

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

THE MIRTHFUL LYRE
THE LAUGHING MUSE

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK
Established 1817

THE MIRTHFUL LYRE

ARTHUR GUITERMAN
Author of
"THE LAUGHING MUSE"

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THE MIRTHFUL LYRE

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I-S

PHILOSOPHERS

A melancholy Beaver
Resided by a rill;
He either had a fever
Or else he had a chill;

For Mental Inquisition
Had filled him full of dole
About his Earthly Mission
Or his Eternal Soul.

In June, instead of basking
Or helping build the dam,
He vexed his Conscience, asking,
"Why Is It That I Am?"

He passed the winter, sifting
A lot of Pregnant Saws
On "Whither Are We Drifting?"
And "Nature's Primal Cause."

A Chickadee, intruding
One afternoon at three,
Disturbed the Beaver's brooding
By whistling, "Chick-a-dee!"

The Beaver reprimanded
The Gadabout on wings;
Said he, "To be quite candid,
What makes you do These Things?

"All over Here and Yonder
You flitter, flute, and fife.
Why don't you perch, and ponder
The Purposes of Life?"

The Chickadee retorted,
"I don't know what you mean.
My life is well supported,
The woods are fresh and green;

"My top note, when I strike it,
May be of little use,
Still, people seem to like it,
And that's a good excuse."

The Beaver simply snorted,
As Beavers often do.
The Chickadee cavorted
And ate a worm or two.

The Chickadee grew apter
At whistling "Chick-a-dee!"
The Beaver did a chapter
On "What Life Means To Me."

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FOLKS AND THINGS

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES

The great god Mumbo Jumbo,
Big chief, or "Bwana Tumbo"
In Africa, evolved,—no matter when,—
Some anthropoidal creatures
Alike in form and features,
Yet some of them were Monkeys, some were Men.

So all the lake and wood gods,
Both naughty gods and good gods
And fetishes of high and low degree,
Protested, "Mighty Brother,
We can't tell which from t'other!"
But Mumbo Jumbo chuckled, "Wait and see!"

He next, with shrewd intentions,
Produced some quaint inventions

And scattered them about the hills and dales—
Contraptions lithe and sightly
That dictionaries brightly
Describe as "caudal processes," or "tails."

The Creatures, who, as stated,
Had lately been created,
Adopted lives on wholly different planes.
With High Ambition fired,
One half of them Aspired;
They scorned those foolish Tails and used th
Brains.

They spent their time in fighting,
In art, and picture-writing,
In bungling things and trying them again,
In liking and in loathing,
In making love and clothing,
In doing all they could,—so thes were Men.

The other half were sportive;
With enterprise abortive

They pilfered nuts and ran away and hid;
They gamboled, frisked, and chattered
Of Things that Hardly Mattered,
And idly mocked what other people did.

Now, one of these, espying
A Tail,—the edifying
Device of Mumbo Jumbo,—on a thorn,
Purloined it, wagged it, switched it,
And ultimately hitched it
Behind himself—where tails are being worn.

Then all his futile nation
In eager imitation
With tails bedecked their persons, great and small.
'Twas lots of fun to flop them;
But when they tried to drop them,
They found they couldn't get them off at all!

Those tails, assumed so lightly,
Are fastened on more tightly

Than hatchet-heads are fitted onto helves;
And that's what makes them Monkeys—
Which serves 'em right, the donkeys!
For having made such monkeys of themselves

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

Oh, the Witty Girl is mighty pert and clever,
But the Pretty Girl is a thing of joy forever.

Oh, the Witty Girl is never dull or prosy,
But the Pretty Girl is fresh and sweet and cosy.

Oh, the Witty Girl in talk may be a winner,
But the Pretty Girl gets taken out for dinner!

THE CURSE OF THE ANTIQUE

My friends the Van Buzzens have millions to spare;
They live to the northward of Washington Square;
Their chastely magnificent, sumptuous home
(Or, rather, their mansion)—from cellar to dome
Is filled to repletion
With things that are Grecian
And Early Venetian
(Or seemingly so),
And Late Jacobean
And Middle Pompeian
And Aramathean
For all that I know.

The panels, the ceilings, the elegant doors,
Are Louis—some Louis,—oh, Seize or Quatorze;
And down in the kitchen the skillets and pans
Are some other Louis,—conceivably, Quinze;

While tables on gate-legs
(Those movable eight-legs),
Or highly ornate legs
That martyr your knees,
And chairs upon scroll-legs
Or neat cabri*ole*-legs
(The French word for "bowlegs")
Are thicker than peas.

Miranda Van Buzzen, a Priestess apart,
The Heiress of All the Ages of Art,
Is proud of old tapestries hanging in shreds,
Of highboys and lowboys and canopied beds,
Of caddies and kettles
In various metals,
Of dressers and settles
And benches and thrones,
Of boxes for laces,
Of porcelain vases,
And coffers and cases
By Inigo Jones.

But Abel Van Buzzen is sick unto death,
He lately confided, though under his breath,

Of "all this nonsensical 'Period' bluff—
The Chippendale-Heppelwhite-Sheraton stuff!"
"I'll furnish my study
As snug as a cuddy,
With no fuddy-duddy
Of gimcracks!" said he;
"And nothing that's 'Classic'
Or Upper Jurassic
Or utter jack-assic!—
Plain comfort for me!"

He went to a dealer in Crotchets and Whims,
Impressive in glasses with tortoise-shell rims,
And told him, "I want a Responsible Chair;
It needn't be something seductively rare
By any old masters
On fluted pilasters,
But Comfort on Casters—
A cushioned retreat;
And I want a table,
Whatever the label,
Sufficiently stable
To hold up my feet!"

The Expert replied in a delicate voice,
"Now, here is an Object exceedingly choice—
A chair with a wheel-back and single-curve arms;
The spatulate feet are the least of its charms.
We bought it from Madam
McAdam of Haddam—
A Genuine Adam!—
Oh, don't be misled!
The marks that you term 'holes'
Are Guaranteed Worm-holes!"—
"I think they are germ-holes!"
Quoth Abel, and fled.

The next Connoisseur whom he happened to seek
Was strong for the Gothic with touches of Greek,
For chairs that were stiffer than pokers and starch
And built like cathedrals with pillar and arch.
"Observe the acanthus,
The drooping ailanthus,
The rich polyanthus

And tendril design
With nothing aborted!"
The Person exhorted.
But Abel retorted,
"Not any in mine!"

Another remarkably talented man
Was all for the colorful mode of Queen Anne—
For marquetry tables and arm-chairs with wings;
Another, for ormolu Empire things.
Still others orated
On chairs that were mated
With feet that were plated
Or turned like a cup
And legs that were twisted;
While many insisted
On styles that existed
When Rome was a pup.

They gabbled of Flemish, Byzantine, Grotesque,
Hogarthian, Tudor, Baroque, Arabesque,
Of cedar and ebony artfully wrought,
Of Indian teak, and mahogany brought

From far Orinoco
And carved in rococo.
They drove him quite *loco*,
Or nearly to drink,
With talk of mosaic—
Not wholly archaic,
But done in Passaic,
New Jersey, I think.

Completely bewildered and ready to drop,
He staggered away to a Furniture Shop;
And what should he see in that wonderful place
But tables of dignity, substance and grace,
And arm-chairs, by gracious!
Invitingly spacious,
Superbly capacious
And, Heaven be praised!
Divinely upholstered,
Becushioned and bolstered!
His buffeted soul stirred
With joy as he gazed.

"Magician of Furniture!" Abel exclaimed,
"What date are these marvels, and how are they named?"
The Artist replied, with a blush on his cheek,
"They haven't been christened; we made 'em last week.

We dare not assign 'em
A place, nor define 'em;
We only design 'em
The best that we can."
"Oh, send me four dozen,
Mike Angelo's cousin!"
Cried Abel Van Buzzen,
"And hurry the van!"

The House of Van Buzzen is splendidly cold
And crammed with rare treasures that ought to be sold;
Its satinwood sideboards are guiltless of dust;
Its stately perfections deserve to be mussed.

But up in the attic,
A place democratic,
Is Abel's ecstatic

Resort of the blest,
With chairs you can prose in
And smoke and repose in
And dreamily doze in,—
Oases of Rest!

ELEGY

The jackals prowl, the serpents hiss
In what was once Persepolis.
Proud Babylon is but a trace
Upon the desert's dusty face.
The topless towers of Ilium
Are ashes. Judah's harp is dumb.
The fleets of Nineveh and Tyre
Are down with Davy Jones, Esquire
And all the oligarchies, kings,
And potentates that ruled these things
Are gone! But cheer up; don't be sad;
Think what a lovely time they had!

THE BALLAD OF THE TRUE SPORTSMAN

SINCE Walton first in sport began
To lure the scaly prey,
Was ever any Fisherman
To match with Albert Hay?

The Weakfish weep and wring their fins,
The Porgies' tails grow cold,
The Herring shiver in their tins
When Albert's name is told!

For skilled was he in wiles to take
The Salmon fierce and free,
The Muskallonge that haunt the lake,
The Cod that rove the sea.

And every port where fish abound
He knew surpassing well:
He knew Setauket-by-the-Sound
And Gloucester by the smell.

He knew Aroostook, by the by,
And went there by the train,
For most he loved to cast the fly
Upon the streams of Maine.

The bamboo rod, his joy and pride,
Was supple as a lash;
His line was all of silk, his Guide
Was Tom of Allagash.

He cast four flies of feathered wing
And lucent single snell—
"Professor," "Ibis," "Grizzly King,"
And "Parmachenee Belle."

But even at the seventh cast
When that his leader sunk,
The hooks were holden hard and fast
Beneath a mossy trunk.

He tugged the line from side to side,
He bent the rod in vain.
"Yay! Play 'im, Albert!" yelled the Guide,
"Ye've caught the State o' Maine!"

What bard shall sing, in years to come,
That wondrous scene aright!
All Nature stood aghast and dumb
To view that awesome fight.

The Umbazooksus ran up-hill;
Unwonted tremors shook
Thy lake of waters clear and still,
Chemquasabamticook!

Katahdin veiled his summit proud;
Umbagog lost its gleam,
And Fear descended like a cloud
On Ripogenus Stream.

While Ambajejus (lovely spot!)
And more of equal claims
Were all so scared they clean forgot
The way to spell their names!

Cried Tom the Guide, "Ye've met y're match
At last, as sure as Sin!"
But Albert sternly played his catch
And grimly reeled it in.

But when he viewed the weakening prize
He let his line go slack:
"The State of Maine is undersize,"
Quoth he. "We'll throw it back!

"Oh, were the State of Texas there,
Or even Arkansaw—
Yea, though my line were maiden-hair,
My rod were barley-straw—

"I should have fought that worthy foe
With all my skill and strength;
But who would catch a State below
The legal breadth and length!"

So back he came with empty creel
And told his tale to me.
And when, I ask, will Time reveal
A truer Sport than he?

BALLADE OF SPORT

Oh for the games of a younger day!
Indoor and outdoor, I played them all;
Baseball and football, perchance croquet;
Hockey in winter, lacrosse in fall.
Various weapons that drive the ball
Strengthened my arms in the golden Past.
Tell me! O freckle-faced urchin small,
Must I be captive to Golf, at last?

Tennis on asphalt or turf or clay,
Rowing, or sailing the white-winged yawl,
Bowling along on the smooth highway,
Climbing the scarp of the mountain wall,
Footing the dance in the festal hall,
Fighting the waves and the stormy blast,—
Such were the pleasures I now recall.
Must I be captive to Golf, at last?

Here is a bag o' the canvas gray,
Crowded with clubs—and their names appall!
"Niblick" and "Putter" and "Brassie"—they
Look like the arms of an ancient Gaul.
Might not a man that is stout and tall
View such burglarious tools aghast?
Must I resign me to these, withal?
Must I be captive to Golf, at last?

Envoi

Caddie! Stop swinging that cross-eyed maul!
Answer, as Samuel from the Vast
Answered, prophetic, the cry of Saul:
"Must I be captive to Golf, at last?"

THE CONQUEROR

AN ALGONQUIN LEGEND

GLUSKAP the Mighty was haughty and vain,
Gluskap the Mighty was proud;
Painted and feathered, he danced on the plain
Chanting his praises aloud:

"Ah, who that is mortal dare face me, defiant?
My war-club has shattered the stone-headed giant;
The storm-bird and thunder-bird fly me like sparrows;
The flame-breathing serpents are pierced by my arrows;
And dead lie the ghouls where the waterfall pitches;
Aye, dead are the wizards and dead are the witches;
Unconquered, unchallenged, I fear no disaster,
And no one is left for my Greatness to master!"

Ahpet the Woman was lovely and wise,
Ahpet the Woman was gay;
Singing, she laughed in the Warrior's eyes,
Mocking his valorous lay:

"Yes, mighty is Gluskap! and none may withstand him
But Wahsis, brave Wahsis:—for who shall command him?
O Wahsis the Fearless! All women adore him;
The Chiefs of the Turtle are humble before him;
The hunters and warriors bring him their treasure,
They sing for his comfort, they dance for his pleasure.
Then vex not his patience, O Gluskap the Peerless,
For dread is the anger of Wahsis the Fearless!"

Gluskap the Mighty was dreadful in wrath;
Gluskap was hurt in his pride.
"Show me," he shouted, "my warrior-path!
Where may this Wahsis abide?"

Said Ahpet the Woman, the subtly deluding,
"He sits in the wigwam, complacently brooding
What magic I know not;—but leave him untroubled;
For griefs done to Wahsis are paid back redoubled!"
But Gluskap was haughty; her warning he flouted;
His war-club he brandished, his war-cry he shouted,
He flung back the deerskin, that chief undefeated,
And entered the wigwam where Wahsis was seated.

Wahsis the Fearless was little and round.
Wahsis was sweet as a plum.
Dimpled and chubby, he sat on the ground
Sucking his mite of a thumb.

So Gluskap, diverted from methods severer,
Smiled sweetly on Wahsis and bade him come nearer.
And Wahsis, betraying no trace of resentment,
Remained in his place with a smile of contentment.
"Come hither!" called Gluskap with flutings and cooings
That thrushes and tanagers use in their wooings.

"Come hither!" he ordered, while, leaping and
prancing,
He sought to allure him with gambols entrancing

Wahsis the Fearless, with eyes like a fawn's
Gazing on Gluskap the Lord,
Rounded his mouth in the smallest of yawns;—
Wahsis the Fearless was bored.

How wrathful was Gluskap the Mighty Magician
"This imp of the forest refuse me submission?
My power shall tame him!"—with menaces franti
He roared like the storm in the woods of Me
gantic.
Then, pacing the Witch Dance in grisly gyration
With awful enchantments and weird imprecation
He bellowed, while eddying faster and faster,
"Ho! crawl to me, Wahsis, and own me as Master!"

Wahsis the Fearless, Wahsis the Small,
(Cause he undoubtedly had),
Lifted his voice in a terrible squall!
Wahsis the Fearless was mad.

Who hears it and knows not a sinking sensation?—
The war-cry of Wahsis, that wild ululation!
It shrilled like the shriek of the demons of slaughter!
The fierce heart of Gluskap grew weaker than water.
He quailed before Wahsis, he cringed to appease him;
No more would he vex him! No more would he tease him!
But higher the soul-rending clamor resounded,
Till forth fled great Gluskap, defeated, confounded!

Wahsis the Fearless a moment was dumb.
Wahsis the Victor withdrew,
Gurgling in triumph, his mite of a thumb.
Wahsis the Baby said, "Goo!"

TEMPERAMENT

When I am composing a lyric,
  Or Vida's composing a sock,
The kindliest-meant panegyric
  Obtrudes with a terrible shock.

Remarks, be they never so gentle,
  Had better, far better, be curbed;
We're both of us Temperamental,
  And Genius must *not* be disturbed.

When, gripped in the strife of creation,
  The brain and the soul are aflame,
The Thing that they call "Conversation"
  Is—something too awful to name!

And sorrow betide the satiric
  Intruder who ventures to mock
When I am composing a lyric,
  Or Vida's composing a sock!

THE MOCCASINS

It was the gallant Eagle Claw, a warrior of the
Sioux,
That loved the sprightly Firefly, but lacked the
heart to woo.

He saw her take her water-pail, on household
duties bent;
He donned his ragged moccasins, and followed
where she went.

And down beside the rivulet, despite a mild demur,
He seized and filled the water-pail and carried it
for her.

She smiled at him, and said to him, with roguish
tone and sweet,
"What dreadful, ragged moccasins are those upon
your feet!"

"Within my lodge is none," he said, "to make them new for me!"
She looked upon the moccasins and laughed, "There ought to be!"

"But who would mend the moccasins for such as I?" he sighed;
"I could not find her anywhere!" She murmured, "Have you tried?"

"Oh, will you mend my moccasins?" he begged, with longing thrill.
She looked upon the moccasins and whispered, "Yes, I will!"

And up the bank and through the grove and toward the lodge-fire's gleam,
A double trail of moccasins is leading from the stream.

THE GREAT TYRANNOSAURUS

A FOSSILIFEROUS FABLE

The Great Tyrannosaurus
Lived centuries ago;
Through marshes wet and porous
He rambled to and fro.

The most tremendous Lizard
That ever browsed on meat,
His length from A to Izzard
Was forty-seven feet.

The Great Tyrannosaurus
In habitude was not
What one would call decorous—
He ate an awful lot.

Lamellibranchs in sixes,
Iguanodons to spare
And Archæopteryxes
Comprised his bill of fare.

The Great Tyrannosaurus
  Of all the world was king;
With trumpetings sonorous
  He swallowed everything.

When everything was swallowed
  Beneath the azure sky,
What naturally followed?—
  The Creature had to die.

The Great Tyrannosaurus,
  That was so blithe and free,
Hath passed away before us;
  Then learn from him and me:

This earth can never nourish
  An appetite like his;
So, if you hope to flourish,
  Don't gobble all there is!

TOBACCO

(A NAVAJO LEGEND)

NICOTA, the pearl of a Navajo clan,
The daughter of Logan, the medicine-man,
  Was beautiful, graceful, and clever;
Yet, somehow, the hunters and warriors paid
That super-superlative Indian maid
  No sort of attention whatever.

They'd paint up their faces and hurry to woo
Some other who hadn't the worth of a Sioux
  Or even a dotless iota.
In blankets of scarlet and feather-trimmed suits
They'd go serenading with tom-toms and flutes,
  But nobody called on Nicota.

"Oh, Father!" the maiden protested, in grief,
"There isn't a brave nor there isn't a chief

But scorns me or takes me for granted.
So, bury me, bury me deep, that the men
Shall miss me and, anyhow, notice me, then.
I think I should like to be planted."

He buried her deep. With a wonderful charm
He laid her to sleep with her head on her arm
Where nothing of ill might befall her;
To rest in the grave till the leaf-buds should break,
Till twitter of bluebirds should bid her awake,
And voices of springtime should call her.

They called her: She rose from her grave-mound, arrayed
In leaves that were sweet as the flowers that swayed
Above her like plumes on a shako.
By thousands the hunters and warriors came,
Enamoured, to whisper her new-given name,
The magical name of "Tobacco"!

How precious her fragrance, how subtle her spell,
How gentle yet potent her art to compel

The moccasined throng to adore her!
Her worshipers treasured the leaves of her gown—
The leaves she discarded when withered and brown—
And burned them in homage before her.

Her incense pervading each wandering breeze,
What sovereign princess may boast devotees
So numerous, constant, and zealous!
And maidens who pester their swains to abjure
Her soothing aroma, her kindly allure,
Are merely unspeakably jealous!

THE SAVAGE

The Savage has the best of it
In Africa or west of it!
  Whatever meat
  He finds to eat,
His stomach can digest of it.

His conscience isn't troublesome;
Of joy he has a double sum;
  Unvexed by frills
  And social ills,
His mirth is free and bubblesome.

No business ever hurries him;
And when a varlet worries him
  He takes a club
  And smacks the cub,
Then fricassees or curries him.

His fancy weaves him airy tales
Of monkey-folk with hairy tails;
  He never saw
  A play by Shaw,
Nor read Dunsany's fairy-tales.

The Savage has the best of it;
The world—he is possessed of it!
  He loves and loafs
  And laughs at oafs
Like us, who spoil the zest of it.

I want my wisdom frivolized,
My faith and creed unsnivelized,
  And life a sort
  Of sport—in short,
I wish I wasn't civilized!

JUNE

Wrap me up in sunshine,
Bed me down in clover,
Tell Chewink
And Bobolink
To sing a gladder tune;

Hide the hedge in roses
Heaped and spilling over,
Thrill with mirth
The heart of Earth
That I may know 'tis June!

THE MAIDEN WHO TOLD

The brook that comes dancing through forest and marsh
Where thrushes are tuneful or grackles are harsh,
Still babbling of secrets that nobody hears,
Though pitcher-plants listen with wide-open ears,—
When young were the beeches as now they are old,
That garrulous brook was a Maiden Who Told!

By moss-rooted bunchberries, ruddy and ripe,
And waxen elf-candles of Indian pipe,
The chipmunk steals down of the waters to drink,
And so does the partridge, and so does the mink;
But none of them dream that the rill of the wold,
Their crystalline brook, is a Maiden Who Told.

She told; and you needn't be asking me, wha
She told, and she shouldn't;—the rest is forgo
And they that are seeking may guess for themselve
Who changed her with magic, the witches or elve
For speech may be silver, but silence is gold.
The chattering brook is the Maiden Who Tol

A LAUNDRY LAY

WHEN I was young and lived by rime,
A garret gave me sheltering;
'Twas bitter cold in winter-time,
In August it was sweltering.

Upon my cuff I scrawled, one day,
A song of love, unmatchable!
My cuffs were then, I blush to say,
The kind they call "detachable."

A stupid slavey seized the cuff
While round my garret maundering,
And sent it off with other stuff—
She thought it needed laundering!

But when my cuff, transported, came
Where clothes are made immaculate,
The maids, who read my words of flame,
Did nothing but ejaculate:

"Seraphic!" "Ravishing!" "Divine!"
"Stupendous!" "Perfect!" "Glorious!"
"Sublime!" "Bewitching!" "Superfine!"
"Extremely meritorious!"

The blue-eyed nymph that owned the shop—
A girl to lose your poise about—
Exclaimed, "Why does the washing stop,
And what is all this noise about?"

Yet, having scanned the lines I wrote,
Then cried the fair divinity,
"This troubadour of perfect note
I know is my Affinity!"

So now our joint establishment
Judiciously and seasonably
Will wash your cuff for half-a-cent,
Your other things as reasonably.

THE SUPERSTITIOUS GHOST

I'm such a quiet little ghost,
  Demure and inoffensive;
The other spirits say I'm most
  Absurdly apprehensive.

Through all the merry hours of night
  I'm uniformly cheerful;
I love the dark, but in the light,
  I own, I'm rather fearful.

Each dawn I cower down in bed,
  In every brightness seeing
That weird, uncanny form of dread—
  An awful Human Being!

Of course I'm told they can't exist,
  That Nature would not let them;
But Willy Spook, the Humanist,
  Declares that he has met them!

He says they do not glide like us,
But walk in eerie paces;
They're solid, not diaphanous,
With arms! and legs! ! and faces! ! !

And some are beggars, some are kings,
Some have and some are wanting;
They squander time in doing things
Instead of simply haunting.

They talk of "art," the horrid crew,
And things they call "ambitions."—
Oh yes, I know as well as you
They're only superstitions.

But should the dreadful day arrive
When, starting up, I see one,
I'm sure 'twill scare me quite alive;
And then—oh, then I'll be one!

THE SAND WITCH

As Elmer Brown, of Gotham Town, strolled forth to take the Air
On Coney's Beach of wide Renown, a Sand Witch met him there.
She wore a crimson Bathing-dress, her Cheek was touched with Tan,
She had the fairy Lissomnesse of Ann-ette Kell-er-mann.
She lookèd up, she lookèd down, soe comelie to behold,
And syne she smiled on Elmer Brown—but Elmer Brown was cold!

"Dost thou not love, fair Sir," she said, "to hear the Billows roar?—
To see the Lovers, newly-wed, that walk the sounding Shore?—

The Maids that laugh in merrie Peals, the Lads that play at Ball?—
The Wealthie Folk in Chairs with Wheels, the Poor in none at all?—
These golden Sands that Infant Bands doe digg as is their Wont?"
In peevish Pride the Youth replied full churlishlie, "I don't!"

"Oh, come," the Siren sang, "with me, and let us gailie float
Afar upon the bounding Sea within the little Boat;
Or view the Freaks in yonder Place which Scientists indorse;
Or ride the thrilling Steeple Chase astride the Hobbie Horse!
And taste the spicie Sausage Roll and eke the Lemon Pie,
And quaff the Pop that cheers the Soul!" The Lout rejoined, "Not I!"

Now mark ye all what Ills befall the gloomie Childe
of Strife
Who doth disdaine in bitter Vein the precious Joys
of Life!
For wroth the lovelie Sand Witch grew, that was
as is the Lamb;
She spurned him with her Bathing-shoe and
changed him to a Clam!
Two crustie Shells his Person hid—alack, the sorrie
Plight!
She changed him to a Clam, she did!—which servèd
of him right!

HEROES

Oh, the Col. or the Maj. or the Lieut.
Or the Gen. or the Adj. or the Cap.
May be proud of the spur on his boot,
Of his badge and his braid and his strap,
Of his coat that is neat and is right,
Of his look that is brisk and alive;
But the men who will count in a fight
Are the Serj. and the Corp. and the Priv.

Oh, the Cap. and the Adj. and the Gen.!
Oh, the Lieut. and the Col. and the Maj.!
They will live through the might of the pen,
They will shine in the lore of the age,
In the tale of the war that is won,
In the song of the trench and the charge;
But the men who will do what is done
Are the Priv. and the Corp. and the Serj.

A BAZAAR BALLAD

A SOLDIER young and brave was he
That sought the big Bazaar;
A Maiden sweet and fair was she,
As Maidens often are.

He spoke, in Whispers passion-fraught,
Of Love that could not fail;
She spoke (no Matter what she thought)
Of Things that were for Sale.

"I want," declared the ardent Youth,
"The sweetest Sweet of All!"
"Oh, yes!" she said; "the Candy Booth
Is just across the Hall."

"A Rose," he breathed, "of Edenglade
I seek, my life to crown!"
"The Flower Stand," observed the Maid,
"Is four Aisles farther down."

"Then be my Bride!" that Soldier cried,
"My Own, my Heart's Delight!"
"Engagement Rings?" she softly sighed;
"Three Counters toward the Right!"

A MASCOT

In the glow of their youth they have come, and they pass
With the flare of the steel and the blare of the brass;
And the brave little dog, with a brisk little wag
To his stump of a tail, trots along by the flag
At his post in the ranks like the rest of the corps,
For the brave little dog is away to the war.

"They will go! They will go!" throbs a drum as it nears;
There's the fall of a wail in the roar of our cheers.
But the brave little dog is as gay as a lark;
There is joy, there is heart in his brave little bark
As he gambols behind or he frolics before,
For the brave little dog is away to the war.

He's away to the war. There'll be need of him there—
Of the stanch little tyke that's the foe of despair;
For there's none that's so old in the world, or so wise,
But may find a new faith in the depth of his eyes,
And his tongue is a balm to the heart that is sore;
So the brave little dog is away to the war.

May the powers be good to the glad little elf,
Who is first for his friends and is last for himself;
May there still be a bone for his hunger to find,
And a pat on the head from a hand that is kind;
May the heaven of men keep a wide-open door
For the brave little dog that's away to the war!

NOTE ON THE NATURAL HISTORY OF AIRPLANES

The Airplane swoops from crags of cloud
To prey upon the Submarine;
Its hum is rather rough and loud;
Its only drink is gasolene.

Some Airplanes wouldn't heave a brick,
But ride the blue on placid wings,
While others have a horrid trick
Of dropping nasty bombs and things.

While one prefers to navigate,
With dignity, the azure vault,
Another cuts a figure eight
Or throws a festive somersault.

They *never* flap their wings and crow;
  And sober Airplanes quit the height
Of heaven when the sun is low
  To sleep in hangars overnight.

Young bachelor Airplanes love to roam
  The Great White Way that spans the sky;
But lady Airplanes stay at home
  And teach young Airplanes how to fly.

CAMOUFLAGE

What's Camouflage?—The juggler's trade;
Delusion, glamour, masquerade;
The mummer's artifice, designed
To make the Sense betray the Mind;
The tint of rouge, the scent that clings,
The curl that grew not where it swings,
The touch that thrills the blood of man,
The soft, shy glance behind the fan;
The sweet, low laugh of badinage—
That's Camouflage.

What's Camouflage?—A web for flies;
The mist that blinds the lover's eyes;
The dainty scrap of this or that
Which ransoms yester-season's hat;
The sauce that turns the humble stew
To some delectable ragout;

The motor-builder's happy scheme
To make the humble chariot seem
A car from Crœsus's garage—
That's Camouflage.

What's Camouflage?—The printed lure
That promises the wondrous cure;
The caster's fly of colors gay,
The mining stock, the smooth toupet,
The bluff that screens the empty purse
Or masks untidy prose as verse,
The veil of picturesque romance
That changes theft to High Finance
And treachery to Sabotage—
That's Camouflage.

What's Camouflage?—Oh, many things!
The pomp and pride of thrones and kings;
The gambler's hope; the rosy wreath
That fades and leaves the thorns beneath;
A wrecker's light; the phosphor glow
Some mocking star has cast below

To make the eye of men behold
Their gold as dross, their dross as gold;
The zealot's vision, Fame's mirage—
That's Camouflage.

DIPLOMACY

THEY sent the King a bunch of Ultimata;
The Messenger was non persona grata.

A second lot of Ulti-Ultimata
Were marked by certain manifest errata.

A third, of Ulti-Ulti-Ultimata,
Omitted several prime desiderata.

Now, over his medulla oblongata
That King is buried under many strata
Of Ulti-Ulti-Ulti-Ultimata!

COAL

Afar in the moist Carboniferous time
I grew from the Paleozoical slime
A Lepidodendron with boughs on my stem,
And Lepidostrobuses grew upon them.
My roots in the mud of the ages I spread
And up to the heavens I vaunted my head;
I throve in the heat of a tropical sun,—
And now I am Coal at ten dollars a ton!

Dividing the marshes in watery lanes,
The tapering Calamites billowed their manes;
By somnolent rivers and shadowy ponds
The tree-ferns uplifted their beckoning fronds;
And, stately and tall in the neighboring wood,
With shimmering cones the Dadoxylons stood;
Those goodly companions of whom I was one,—
And now they are Coal at ten dollars a ton!

Oh, strange were the wings in the skies that I knew!
Aye, strange were the creatures that nested and flew.
And darkling and drear were the waters beneath
Where fierce Labyrinthodonts gritted their teeth
And swift Xenacanthuses flashed on their prey!
They mocked us! I warned them, "Rejoice while ye may!
For, greedy marauders, your day will be done
When we shall be Coal at ten dollars a ton!"

Behold! from my bed on the primitive shale
How swiftly they raise me! The steeds of the rail
Are mine!—yea, and mine are the fleets of the sea,
For shivering multitudes clamor for me!
Then, chariot-borne through the sleet and the snow
Of winter-bound cities, triumphant I go,
In glory and dignity second to none,
Because I am Coal at ten dollars a ton!

THE DREAM OF CHUANG TZU

(CHINA, FOURTH CENTURY, B.C.)

In life there's naught
That's true, but Thought;
The Things we build on do but seem,
For Ear and Eye
Will cheat and lie.
The World of Sense is all a dream.

I dreamed: Air-free,
I seemed to be
A Butterfly. The fragrant bower
Was my delight;
In vagrant flight
I wavered on from bud to flower.

I had no thought
That made me aught

Than what I seemed in Nature's plan—
The Rose's guest,
The Swallow's quest.
I woke—and found myself a Man.

Yet—was I then
A Man of men
Who joined in dreams the insect clan?
Or now am I
A Butterfly
Who merely dreams that he's a Man?

AS TO POETS

The Emperor Akbar, Lord of Ind, awoke
And, half in jest, to Rajah Birbal spoke:

"My poet-friend, in Bhoja Razu's days
The minstrel Kalidasa filled the air
With mighty harmonies; but tell me, where
Is he that grandly sings *thy* monarch's praise?"

Then Birbal, wit and scholar, bowed his head
In playful reverence, while thus he said:

"Great Bhoja Razu proved a worthy king;
Rich gifts he gave to wise and witty men;
When kings like Bhoja Razu come again,
Like Kalidasa other bards shall sing."

A HINDU PARABLE

The same good gifts God sends to all;
On fair and foul His blessings fall.

Upon the sea a raindrop fell;
A pearl was born within a shell.

A second drop a rosebud caught,
And thence the bee sweet honey brought.

As pure a drop, at random flung,
Was death upon the adder's tongue.

The same good gifts: Oh, tell me, friends,
What will ye do with what He sends?

JUDISTHRA AND HIS DOG

FROM "THE MAHABHARATA"

THE end drew nigh. Forspent with battle's rage,
His wife and brothers gone, he scarce knew how,
Judisthra took his final pilgrimage,
One faithful dog his sole retainer now;
When, rainbow-hued with gems, before them rolled
The car of Indra, whence the god confessed
In music spoke: "Thou Rajah, mighty-souled,
Ascend with me to Soorg where dwell the blest."
"Great Lord, we come," Judisthra said, and turned
To call the dog; but Indra's word forbade:
"Nay, Rajah. Place in Soorg may not be earned
By such as this; but loftier spirits, clad
In nobler forms like thine, alone may know
The star-bright road." Judisthra spoke again:
"This dog hath served me well through weal and woe
For many years; and now, though sons of men

Desert his lord, he goes where'er I tread,
Demanding naught and giving all he may
In selfless love. And shall it then be said
That I, Judisthra, framed of nobler clay,
Could show a meaner faith than this, my friend—
Yea, friend, though dog? Nay, Lord, that must
not be.
My road his road, with him I wait the end;
Then go thy way, nor trouble him and me."
Great Indra smiled in grander, kindlier wise,
And bade them both ascend. The chariot flew
With dog and god and man beyond the skies
To that unclouded realm where all are true.

OMAR AND REASON

A DIALOGUE FROM THE PERSIAN OF OMAR KHAYYAM

Old Reason dined with me—a seldom guest;
We passed a pleasant noon in idle jest.

Said I, "Thou Font of Knowledge, pray impart
The truth of many things that vex my heart:

"First tell me, what is life when rightly weighed?"
"A sleep," said he, "with dreams that glow and fade."

"And canst thou name the fruits thereof?" I said.
He nodded. "Sundry aches of heart and head."

Then, "What is Marriage?" next I sought to know.
"An hour's joy," he scoffed, "and years of woe."

"Define," said I, "the breed that prey on me."
"A pack of jackals, wolves, and dogs!" growled he.

"Can aught subdue the soul of man?" I cried.
"The world hath whips," quoth he, "and chains beside."

"What works are old Khayyam's?" I asked betimes.
"False figuring," he laughed, "and crazy rhymes!"

THAT FRAUD, OMAR

When Omar sang, the bloomin' liar
  Extolled the alcoholic spree;
An' yet this O. Khayyam, Esquire,
  Walked jest as straight as you an' me.

The Proper Folks reviewed his lays
  As Wrong, of course, but Awful Nice,
An' gave his Work unbounded praise—
  The tribute Virtue pays to Vice.

But Omar knew, the crafty lad,
  That folks is eminently thus,
An' kep' his pose of bein' Bad
  To make a hit—the same as us.

SARSAPARILLA

Come, gather round the festal board
By ringing goblets dented!
For some let ginger-ale be poured,
Or grape-juice (unfermented),
Or old carbonic, rich and prime,
Or seltzer faintly fishy;
And those that will may pass their time
In quaffing milk-and-vichy.
And foaming soda pleases most
When flavored with vanilla;
But as for me, my love I toast
In nut-brown Sarsaparilla!

No Rhenish vineyard gave it birth,
No hillock Andalusian;
It flowed from roots of western earth,
The generous infusion.

The source of joy, the font of wit
And cadences harmonic,
It is, physicians all admit,
A safe and gentle tonic.
A brew to tame the Missing Link
Or African gorilla,
The gods on high Olympus drink
Of nut-brown Sarsaparilla!

Then fill your cups, convivial throngs,
With pop and juice of lemons,
And raise the rousing drinking songs
Of Mrs. F. D. Hemans!
Or shout your pæans, jovial souls,
To Hebe, Juno's daughter,
That she may fill your crystal bowls
With sparkling lithia water;
While I on Father Horace call
To leave his Sabine villa
And pledge with me the health of all
In nut-brown Sarsaparilla!

RULES FOR EDITORIAL WRITERS

When the situation clamors for a pardonable lie,
Please begin your observations with, "As No One
Will Deny."

With a modest little, bashful little effort to de-
ceive,
Kindly use the introduction, "We Have Reason to
Believe."

When the information's doubtful, be no whit dis-
mayed thereat,
Finding refuge in the sentence, "'Tis an Open
Secret That—"

You may search the very marrow of your contro-
versial foes
With that phrase of cold disparagement, "As
Every School-boy Knows."

And a fraud will seem as pious as a missionary tract
With the prefatory label, "It Is an Undoubted Fact."

So, by paying close attention to a few such rules as these,
You will speedily be able to prevaricate with ease.

A BLESSING ON ALL COLLEGE JOURNALISTS

Ye who write for college papers,
Merry sophomoric japers,
Candidates for inky glories—
Ye who pen ambitious stories,
Noble essays, lyric fancies,
Undergraduate romances,
Screeds that reek with information,
Slangy quips and odes Horatian—
Ye who, fearing no one's strictures,
Draw such enterprising pictures,
Black-and-white originators,
Embryonic illustrators—
Ye who earn still greater credit,
Manumitted souls that edit
College magazine and journal,
Weekly, monthly or diurnal;

Greatly daring, bravely striving,
Many failing, few arriving,
Giving Genius, oft, its chrism,
Running schools of journalism;
Since your spirits keep the savor
Lost by older souls and graver,
Since your minds are fresh and truthful,
Since your worst is yet so youthful,
Since your best is, oh, so clever,
May your light shine on forever!
Live and flourish! Heaven bless you!
May no worldly ills distress you;
May no debts nor duns assail you;
May subscribers never fail you;
May you never dread oppressors—
All-too-literal professors,
Fussy presidents, or others;
Saucy, joyous younger brothers;
May you never know affliction!
Bless you! Take our benediction!
Fame's immortal red geraniums
We would wreathe around your craniums.

THE EGG-ROLLING

'Twas Jack the shrewd an' Mike the tall
With bashful Tim an' Barney,
That Easter morning came to call
On little Dinah Carney.

Sure, each was there with hat in hand,
The lovely girl inviting
To walk with him, ye understand.
They nearly fell to fighting!

Till Dinah says to them, "I beg
The day ye'll not be spoiling!
I'll hand ye each an Easter egg—
They've been the hour a-boiling.

"Ye'll roll yer eggs the best ye can;
An' by the selfsame token,

I'll walk with that young gentleman
  That keeps his egg unbroken."

How any lass on every lad
  Can put her sweet comether!
With all the wit an' craft they had
  They rolled their eggs together.

But Mike's went broke, an' broke was Jack's,
  That thought himself so clever,
While Barney's egg had twenty cracks,
  But Tim's was whole as ever.

An' so, ye mind, 'twas bashful Tim
  That went to walk with Dinah,
Because the egg she gave to him
  Was all of solid china!

OF CERTAIN IRISH FAIRIES

THE Leprechaun,—the omadhaun!—that lives in
County Clare,
Is one foot wide and three foot high without an
inch to spare.
He winks the sea-blue eye of him, like other saucy
rogues,
And underneath the blackthorn-bush he sits to clout
his brogues.
Then, if you catch the Leprechaun and never loose
your hold,
He's bound to show you where he's hid a pot of
yellow gold,
And give you, too, a fairy purse with tassels down
the end,
That's never bare, but always full, no matter what
you spend.
'Tis I would catch the Leprechaun;—and then
what would I do?

I'd take the yellow gold, machree, and give it all to you!

The Cluricawne of Monaghan is mighty seldom seen;
He wears a crimson swallow-tail, a vest of apple-green
And shiny shoes with buckles, too, and silver ones at that,
And on his curly head, askew he claps a steeple-hat.
'Tis I would catch the Cluricawne;—and why? Because he knows
The only spot in Erin where the four-leafed shamrock grows,—
The shamrock that the fairies tend, that does not grow from seed;
'Twill bring you health and wealth and love—though 'tis not love you need,—
And ribbons, laces, brooches, rings, or anything you name.
So when I've caught the Cluricawne, 'tis you shall have the same.

The Leprechaun and Cluricawne are clever little men,
Yet will I catch them, by and by; but need we wait till then?
My breast is warm to nestle you, my arms are strong to hold,
Our youth is richer spending-stuff than any elfin gold,
My heart it is a fairy purse of wealth without an end,
That's brimming full of love for you, no matter what you spend.
"And what's the shamrock, then?" say you. What else, for me, indeed,
But you!—since if I have yourself, there's nothing more I'll need.
And by St. Patrick's kettledrum that drove the snakes below,
I'll catch you, like the Leprechaun, but never let you go!

THE FAIRIES

When Lucifer's rapscallions
  Unsheathed their flaming swords
And Heaven's bright battalions
  Opposed the rebel hordes,

The Seraphs of the Seasons,—
  Of Water, Air and Land,—
For sound, prudential reasons
  Declined to take a hand,

Lamenting that the fight was
  A dreadful stroke of Fate
And doubting where the Right was,
  They guessed they'd watch and wait.

But after Michael's legions
  Had hurled the fiends accursed
To Sheol's hottest regions
  (See Milton, Book the First),

The Seraphs who had faltered,
So neutral and so nice,
Their glory sadly altered,
Were shut from Paradise.

And now as fairies, pixies,
Pigwidgeons, leprechauns,
As kobolds, jinns, and nixes,
As satyrs, nymphs, and fauns,

Controlled by spirits seven
On Middle Earth they dwell,
Not good enough for Heaven
Nor bad enough for Hell.

THE PEACOCK

'Twas down by the entrance to Paradise Park;
The Devil (I'm begging yer pardon!)
Was watching and scheming from dawning till dark
To blarney his way to the Garden.

He'd heard as how Adam was taking a bride,
And wished he'd been asked to the wedding—
When, all of a sudden, before him he spied
The Peacock parading and spreading.

"My Lord," purrs the Devil with flattering lie,
(And pleased was the Peacock to hear him,)
"Yer Worship, a little lost angel am I;"
(The Peacock kept swaggering near him);

"I pledge ye my troth and I give ye my word
And I vow by the Pleiades seven,
There isn't yer equal, splendiferous Bird,
In all of the Kingdom of Heaven!

"What wonders must hide in the Garden, yer Grace,
That shelters so lovely a Being!
I'm wishing yer Highness would show me yer place—
'Twill be none the worse for my seeing."

That silly young Peacock flew over the rail;
The blarneying speeches he swallowed;
He took in the Devil, concealed by his tail—
And do ye remember what followed?

Sure, all of our troubles we date from that hour,
Our worries, our pains, and distresses,
Our strivings for Wealth and our longings for Power,
Our bother with garments and dresses.

Ah, Pride is the friend of the Father of Sin!
Yes, Norah mine, ponder upon it;
'Twas Vanity, mark, let his Devilship in;—
And why must ye have a new bonnit!

OUR WEDDINGS

Long since, when Ursa Major was a cub,
When mammoth-steak supplied our frugal larder,
I wooed your maiden fancy with a club—
(Thank Heaven that I did not hit you harder!).
Thenceforward, undeterred by slight or snub,
I've urged my suit with undiminished ardor,
And won your heart and hand through sheer persistence
In each and every subsequent existence.

With changeful ceremony they have tied
Our ever-constant matrimonial tether.
As ancient Picts, my bonny, tattooed bride,
They pledged our wedded bliss in brew of heather;
Our Coptic subjects throned us side by side;
As Eskimos, they froze us fast together;
And, as an Arab, free of foolish trammels,
I bought you—(let me see!)—for twenty camels.

You've seen me interrupt our nuptial flight
To carve my future folks-in-law in sections.
You know, my love, how, as an errant knight,
I overcame your strenuous objections
And bore you off with force and arms, despite
The efforts of your family connections.
Your price was often large, as I unearth it
From Memory's tomb—but you were always worth it.

So, whether jewel-hung and golden-zoned,
In Eastern realms you yield me all your sweetness,
Or whether Lohengrin'd and Mendelssohn'd
We drive away with Occidental fleetness,
What matter?—Deathless voices, silver-toned,
Shall bid us taste anew of Love's completeness
And crowd our book of life with brighter pages
While, hand in hand, we wander down the ages.

SPRING

THE brown-furred gnomes from their winter homes
In the trees and rocks
Have ventured forth; and the birds rush north
In rejoicing flocks.
The bright chewink and the bobolink
With the robin sing,
"Come out, come out! for beyond a doubt
It is truly Spring!"

Where Spring has walked among the trees
The violets come in twos and threes.

The trout leap up from the mossy cup
Of the crystal pool.
The fly-rods swish. And the small boys wish
That there was no school.
The urgent call of the wood is all
That a dreamer hears,

And I don't want to look at a printed book
For a thousand years!

The only tune that Spring can play
Is, "Over the Hills and Far Away!"

The deer-mice whisk and the rabbits frisk
While the froglings pipe.
The grackles clack; and the chipmunk's back
Has a fresher stripe.
Alone, the bee is a drudge, but she
Is a stodgy thing;
And the young romance of the world will dance
To the lutes of Spring.

She brings delight that cannot cloy,
For Spring is Youth, and Youth is Joy.

PICNICS

Oh, sandwiches of ham and chicken!
What soul so dead that does not quicken
At thought of you—and pies and tarties
And all the joys of picnic parties!

Behold, beneath the leafy bower,
The Age of Gold again in flower!
For here two hearts as one are beating,
And there the grosser sort are eating.

Where green are trees and soft are mosses,
Forget the world, its cares and crosses!
For all the chaperones are snoozing,
And all the younger folk are twosing.

MEXICAN SERENADE

When the little armadillo
With his head upon his pillow
Sweetly rests,
And the parrakeet and lindo
Flitting past my cabin window
Seek their nests,—

When the mists of even settle
Over Popocatapetl,
Dropping dew,—
Like the condor, over yonder,
Still I ponder, ever fonder,
Dear, of You!

May no revolution shock you,
May the earthquake gently rock you
To repose,
While the sentimental panthers
Sniff the pollen-laden anthers
Of the rose!

While the pelican is pining,
While the moon is softly shining
On the stream,
May the song that I am singing
Send a tender cadence winging
Through your dream!

I have just one wish to utter—
That you twinkle through your shutter
Like a star,
While, according to convention,
I shall cas-u-ally mention
My guitar.

Señorita Maraquita,
Muy bonita, pobracita!—
Hear me weep!—
But the night is growing wetter,
So I guess that you had better
Go to sleep.

THE SUMMER BOARDER

"She's coming! She's coming! She's coming
  Old Chanticleer cries through the vale.
The Bees are excitedly humming,
  The Turkey is spreading his tail;
The sky puts a lovelier blue on,
  The meadow brook bubbles with glee;
Our Sovereign Lady is due on
  The Four-twenty-three!

Then, folk of the forested regions
  And folk of the fields and the rocks,
You Beetle and Grasshopper legions
  And Birds of all feathers and flocks
And waifs of the alder-hung mazes,
  Come, gather, betimes, on the green
To greet, with devotional phrases,
  Our Midsummer Queen:

"Dear Mistress, whose butterfly will is
The mightiest force in our world,
The lane has been bordered with lilies,
The ferns have been carefully curled,
The daisies are washing their faces,
Still bright in crystalline dew;
And all of your favorite places
Are ready for you.

"The Thrushes and Wrens in the thickets
Shall trill for your morning delight;
The Katydids, Bullfrogs, and Crickets
Shall play you concertos at night;
The Squirrel shall frisk for your pleasure;
For you shall the berry be sweet;
Ourselves and our rustical treasure
We lay at your feet!"

ARCHITECTURE

I HAVE left the city with its grinding noise,
With its sordid sorrows and its pinchbeck joys,
For the cleanly comfort of a prim abode
In a new-laid suburb on a two-track road,
Where the mastiff greets me with a "Woof, woof, woof!"
From a red-brick kennel with a mansard roof,
Where the Leghorns cackle in a chicken-coop
With a dormer window and a high Dutch stoop,
Where the small pigs gambol and the large pigs grunt
In a sty of stucco with a Queen Anne front,
And the horse shall whinny and the cow shall low
In a new Greek stable with a portico!

SONG OF THE REDUCERS

Come, all ye afflicted, whose chief of woes
Is grossly superfluous adipose,
And learn of our Method of Growing Thin—
Relief to the Slaves of the Triple Chin!
Regard a potato with awe and dread;
You mustn't eat cereals, cheese, or bread
Or custards or puddings or cakes or pies
Or sugar or butter or sweets or fries;
Then, sloughing the dross of your fine physique,
You soon will be losing a Pound a Week.

A Pound a Week, and a Pound a Week!
If thistledown grace be the boon you seek,
Adhere to the diet whereof we speak
And soon you'll be losing a Pound a Week.

Think not we have left you with naught to eat!
There's cabbage, tomatoes and fruit and meat

And all of the garden-truck heart could wish,
With eggs in their loveliness, fowl and fish.
But touch not the flesh of the pigling small,
And never, no never, drink milk at all,
Nor cocktails nor whisky nor beer or such;
And don't you be lazy or sleep too much.
Then, though you were like a museum freak,
You'll lose, at the lowest, a Pound a Week.

A Pound a Week, and a Pound a Week!
What joy to be slim as a heron's beak!
Abandon the ranks of the fat and sleek
And join us in losing a Pound a Week.

THE LYRIC BAEDEKER

PHILADELPHIA

I CAN lyricize ornately
Of the city that sedately
Stands upon the western bank of Delaware,
For I know a Lloyd, a Norris
And a Rittenhouse and Morris,
And I'm quite at home on Independence Square.

In the reign of Charles the Second,
Where the leafy forest beckoned
It was founded by a certain William Penn,
Whom the people speak quite well of;
And you also hear them tell of
Mr. Franklin, known familiarly as "Ben."

There are many colored voters,
And a reckless mob of motors,
And the streets are Market, Chestnut, Spruce, and Pine.

The descendants of the Quakers
Buy their pins at Wanamaker's,
And the Stratford is the proper place to dine.

When you pass the outer bound'ries
Of the textile mills and foundries,
Fairmount Park will yield contentment to the soul.
All the suburbs are alluring;
And their roads are fine for touring,
Though at every other mile you pay a toll.

Where the trees in April quicken
On the lovely Wissahickon,
Or in winter where the Schuylkill, full of slush,
Cuts the city through the middle,
One may even see a Biddle,
A Cadwallader, a Shippen, or a Rush!

You should tarry there and grapple
With the mysteries of "scrapple"—
A conglomerate of flour, herbs, and pork.
Philadelphia, not to quiz it,
Is a pleasant place—to *visit;*
Which is what the natives say about New York.

SEATTLE

Her earliest settlers, in brief,
  Arrived with their guns and their cattle,
And took from an Indian chief
  The site and the name of Seattle.

And now, with unanimous voice,
  Their progeny, brave and prolific,
Proclaim that the town of their choice
  Is Queen of the Azure Pacific!

Her thoroughfares bustle and hum;
  (Her neighboring ranges are glacial);
They boast that she hasn't a slum;
  Her dwellings are simply palatial.

Her lakes, newly joined to the Sound,
  Are rated as chief of her glories;

Her buildings are widely renowned—
The tallest has forty-two stories!

Her death-rate's as low as can be;
Her climate is bracing, yet balmy;
And every one tells you to see
Her thundering Falls of Snoqualmie.

Her forested parkways invite
The stranger with piney aroma;
Her citizens all are polite—
Except when you flatter Tacoma.

Her maidens are none of them plain,
You'll nowhere find men who are brainier;
And if she has plenty of rain,
Her favorite mountain is Rainier.

THE LYRIC BAEDEKER

KALAMAZOO

Her founder's name was Bronson,
So thus they named the town,
Instead of Jenkins, Johnson,
Or Smith, or Jones, or Brown.
But when her realm expanded
And trumpet-sounding Fame
Repeatedly demanded
A more sonorous name,
They christened her anew
Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo!
Her glory ever grew,
Kalamazoo.

Her streets are lined with maples
And oaks with bushy heads.
Among her leading staples
Are corsets, mint, and sleds.

Her paper, plain or coated,
Is classed as superfine.
Her celery is noted
Wherever people dine.
Four railways hurry through
Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo;
She has a college, too,
Kalamazoo.

Though Kennebunk, Kiona,
Kenosha, Kankakee,
And Kokomo, Katonah,
Kewanee, Kissimmee,
Invite the would-be witty
With cadences in "K,"
No other comic city
Can lure my heart away.
In spite of Baraboo,
Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo,
I still am true to you,
Kalamazoo!

A DEFENSE OF CONNECTICUT

ROMANCE would love to fib of stormy billows,
And how they beat a stern and rock-bound shore,
But History disdains these peccadillos,
And briefly states: "In Sixteen-thirty-four
Connecticut was founded by a few sets
Of eager emigrants from Massachusetts."

They wanted Liberty—that blessed boon!
(The Pilgrim Fathers *were* undemocratic.)
They wanted peace and land; so pretty soon
They found their savage neighbors too erratic,
And marched to massacre the fierce Pequots,
Those haughty, copper-colored Hottentots.

Then others came to swell the congregation
And settle towns like Hartford, Windsor, Lyme—
Good men, who showed a pious inclination
Toward minding their own business all the time;

Averse to pomp and pride, and ever humble,
Though born to names like Masson, Dwight, and
Trumbull.

Their government was free and wise and just;
For that's a foul untruth about the "Blue Laws"!
The guile of those who spread the libel must
Be clear to any one that reads their *true* laws.
A man, in spite of all that's said by foes,
Might kiss his wife on Sunday—if he chose!

Because they never took much stock in meddling,
Because they plowed their fields and hoed their
corn,
Or spent their week-days making clocks or peddling,
Because they went to church each Sabbath morn
Instead of catching trout or shooting rabbits,
Their State is called "the Land of Steady Habits."

And Eli Whitney built the cotton-gin;
And Noah Webster built the book I'm using
To spell some words your eye shall meet herein—
How sweet to while away the hours perusing

That Tome of English undefiled and pure,
The Corner-stone of all our Literature!

And countless others lit the furnace fires
  And toiled with skilful hands and daring minds:
Britannia metal, rifles, watches, tires,
  Machines for sewing, corsets, window-blinds,
Elastics, woolens, iron pipes and gutters—
How much we owe to keen Connecticutters!

They lie that charge the State with greed for pelf—
  With shoe-peg oats and wooden nutmegs—darn
    'em!
I know, because I dwelt there once myself,
  A fellow-citizen of P. T. Barnum,
And hereby lay a malison upon
All future puns about "the State of Con."!

LITERATURE

Ram Chunder, the lyrical Hindoo,
Who dresses, as most of his kin do,
In picturesque chuddar and turban
Is worshiped by circles suburban.

While city folk swear by Nekroskow,
The dramatist, lately of Moscow;
His plots are depressingly hazy,
His characters gloomily crazy.

A bevy of poets from Britain
Are reading us books they have written;
And all the Young Gaels christened
"Shamus"
Are simply unbearably famous.

Oh, let us away to Australia!
Assuming the bushman's regalia,

We'll chant of antipodal drearness
In lines of exceptional queerness.

For only the author who's foreign
Is worth 'arf a crown or a florin;
And none but the utterly cranky
Would think of esteeming a Yankee!

SHAKESPEARE–BACON

Some hold that Francis Bacon wrote
The plays we tag with Shakespeare's name,
And cabalistic dreams they quote
With cipher codes to prove their claim.

Well, grant that Bacon chose to bind
On Shakespeare's brow his own green bays;
He donned the mask,—why look behind?
He had his game,—we have the plays.

Beyond the peaceful stars, mayhap,
The twice-bought judge in wig and gown
Reviles the merry player-chap,
And bids him yield the poet's crown.

If Bacon's spirit clamors thus,
What mirth must move the cherubim!
He meant to play a joke on us,
And, after all, the joke's on him!

AFTERNOON TEA

A SONNET SEQUENCE

As wildly raged the tea-imbibing throng
About the urn, with measured step and slow,
The mighty spirits of the realm of song
(At some weird séance on the floor below
Materialized), among them moved, amazed
At what they heard. A teacup dropped and broke,
All unregarded, when, with hand upraised,
Full solemnly the shade of Milton spoke:

I

RESIGNATION

When I consider how my time is spent
At gatherings to meet some tender bride,
Or "Just a few dear friends," or, woe betide!
Some foreign super-person, eloquent,
Whom women rave about, or, ill-content,

Some bashful English poet, wistful-eyed,
Who yearns, I know, to run away and hide,—
Rebelliously I question, "Was I meant
To hear this talk that runs around in rings?
And must I waste the blessèd afternoon?"
Then, "Hush!" says Patience; "Think upon the fate
Of those who needs must pass the tea and things—
Who may not say, 'Good-by,' as you shall soon,—
Who have to serve, and, likewise, stand and wait!"

Backed up against a shelf whereon reposed
His works (with leaves uncut, I sadly fear),
Stood Wordsworth. Intermittently he dozed,
The solitary Bard of Windermere;
Then, waking from a pleasant forty winks,
He drew about his shape its cloak of gray,
And, borrowing a sonnet-form, methinks
Employed by Shelley, thus he said his say:

II

SOME FOLKS ARE TOO MUCH WITH US

Some folks are too much with us—much too
much.
"Yes," sighed the lady with the gems galore,
"One's life in Europe puts one out of touch
With matters here; but then, this dreadful war
Just fairly drove us back. And we had such
A weary hunt to find a house before
We took that spacious, fine old Tudor place,
Or mansion, rather. Then the coal, you know!
We burn twelve tons a week in any case;
But no one would deliver it, and so
We had to send the touring-cars, with Brace,
Our second-man, the five chauffeurs, and Fred,
To load and fetch it home and store it!" "Oh,
I'm glad you are so rich!" said I, and fled.

The ablest critics working at the trade,
As poets know, are often much mistaken;
So was it Shakespeare's self that next essayed
The lofty strain—or was it only Bacon?

III

SONNET XXX

When to these sessions, more of speech than thought,
By custom urged, reluctantly I come,
I know that I converse not as I ought
In courtesy. Yet, better far be dumb
Than prate like these, "Yes, Youth will have its fling!"
Or, "Isn't it a small world, after all?"
Or, haply, "Money isn't everything."
The sugar in my cup is changed to gall
When one declares, "I never bear a grudge,"
Or lauds his "sense of humor," save the mark!
Or proses how "It isn't right to judge
By mere appearances." But hark! oh, hark!
What cultured wight is yon that says, "My friend,
All Art is but a Means to reach an End!"

"One lump, or two?" the hostess breathed again;
Light laughter rippled up and down the scale;
The tea-urn bubbled musically, when
The shade of Shelley told its wondrous tale:

IV

GARGANTUA OF GOTHAM

I met a traveler from an antique land,
Who said: "The finest pilaff ever known
I ate in Cairo at the Hotel Grand;
The chef is excellent, though overprone
To use of garlic. But the ablest hand
For flavoring a goulash to a dot,
Is Samovarovitch of Budapest.
Then, if you're fond of ices (I am not;
Those fancy dishes don't appeal to me),
Remember, you can always get the best
At Andrea's in Rome. But with your tea
Or coffee, in the Kilmenoff Café
In Petrograd, they serve you pirozhki
That melt upon the tongue and die away!"

As gabbling tongues the deafened ear assailed
With vapid eloquence in every key,
The gentle Keats inordinately railed,—
Intoxicated on a cup of tea:

V

ON FIRST LOOKING IN ON A TEA RIOT

Much having travailed over weighty schemes,
To lighter chat I lend a ready ear;
Yet even so, I would not choose to hear
Soft adolescents tell their silly dreams,
Nor would I give a brace of chocolate creams
To learn "what Willie said, the little dear!"
While operations, more or less severe,
Are palpably unpardonable themes.
I do not care about your family ties,
And "Fashion" is a word I fain would ban.
Oh, ye that chatter on, while Chronos flies,
Of babies, dress and servants, futile clan,
I stare upon ye all in pained surprise.
Silence!—I'd rather speak with Mary Ann!"

Recovering a square of buttered toast
From off the rug where, right side down, it fell,
In kindly words the ever-gracious ghost
Of Mrs. Browning sighed a sad farewell:

VI

SONNET FROM THE PORTUGUESE

I lift my brimming teacup solemnly
  As once Electra her sepulchral urn,
  For I do fear that it would overturn
If I should set it sudden on my knee
As skilful jugglers do. I like your tea;
  It has a pleasant hint of wildwood fern;
  Where do you get it? And I fain would learn
Just how you brown your toast so daintily.
A food on which a fairy might be fed,
  Your angel-cake is soft and light as snow.
Those cookies are delicious! Have you read
  The "Bacchæ" of Euripides? I know
You have! But, mercy! how the day has fled!
  A lovely time! but I must really go!

AVERSIONS

THE BANKER

The Job for which I never hanker
Is that of him they call a Banker,
Who gets cartooned in Silk Top-hats,
White Whiskers, Waistcoats, Shirts, and Spats;
Who perspicaciously arranges
Some Mysteries yclept "Exchanges"
And "Arbitrage" and "Drafts," and lends
Your Cash and mine to Business Friends.
To sit like him and 'tend to Banking,
With all that Money clinking-clanking,
Would try, I'm sure, the Man of Uz,—
(What is it that a Banker *does?*)

THE ARCHITECT

Disciples, heed my warning lecture
And take no stock in Architecture:

For Architects must learn by heart
The Fifty-seven Styles of Art
To build the Rich Burmese Châteaux
And Saracenic Bungalows.
In hope of Fame and Proud Positions
They enter Public Competitions
And sweat beneath Electric Fans
Computing Costs and drafting Plans;
And, after all their Works and Wastings,
Who gets the Job?—Carrère & Hastings!

THE DOCTOR

Ah, who would choose to be a Doctor—
A Microbe-stalking Pill-concocter!
At 3 A.M. they ring his Bell
Because some Fellow's dined too well.
He has to leave a Joyous Frolic
Because a Baby gets a Colic;
And while subduing Mortal Ills
With Jalap, Ipecac and Squills,
He has to hear the Conversations
Of patients, matching Operations;

And then, to crown his Pain and Strife,
They give him Paddywhack in *Life!*

THE EDITOR

Don't edit Magazine or Journal,
Not even if they call you "Colonel."
The Editor is born for Woe.
(I've been the Thing and hence I know.)
With Open Ears to all Advisers—
Subscribers, Owners, Advertisers—
He toils within his gloomy Haunts
A-guessing What the Public Wants,
Repelling Lovely Authoresses
Who will not Guess the Way he Guesses—
And has to read what every Bore
Has got to say about the War.

THE COOK

It's tough to have to con a Cook-book!
(I much prefer my Trout-Fly-Hook-book);
Which means that I deplore the lot
Of him who has to Boil the Pot.

His Indoor Sports are cutting onions
And roasting beef for "rump-fed ronyons,"
Or baking buns or apple pie
For Heartless Hordes in Hot July.
Still worse, his Regular Employment
Prevents his Gustative Enjoyment
Of Timbales, Hash, and Things Sautéed,—
Too well he knows of What They're Made!

THE AVIATOR

How sad to be an Aviator!
Of Icarus the imitator,
He loops the loop to Kingdom Come
Propelled by vile Petroleum.
Through drizzly clouds of varied sizes
Aloft to dizzy heights he rises
Until across his path he sees
The Mountains' bleak *chevaux-de-frise*.
I've never thought his costume dressy;
Besides, his death is Awful Messy.
And were I he, my lofty song
Would scarce have lasted half so long.

THE ICEMAN

I'd somehow hate to be the Iceman
(Though ours is certainly a nice man).
In Winter, people fume and scold
Because his Wares are much too cold,
And yet they growl and look still glummer
Because his Cakes will melt in Summer.
His Weighs, they say, are Light but Dark;
And Wise Financial Experts mark
The Wretch for Legislative Slaughter
Because his Stock is wholly Water;
And no one ever mentions Ice
Except to rail against the Price.

THE PLUMBER

I say! it's fierce to be a Plumber!
He scarcely gets a Job all summer;
But when the Wintry Blizzards come,
Why, everybody makes him plumb.
He is, I learn from Truthful Sources,
Compelled to take Expensive Courses

In Building Laws and Union Rules
And Disremembering his Tools.
But though his Useful Operations
Preserve our Homes from Inundations,
We slur his Industry and Skill
And crudely jest about his Bill.

THE INTERIOR DECORATOR

Aroint thee! ruthless Desolator
Of Happy Homes, O Decorator!
Speak not in Language recondite
Of Chippendale and Heppelwhite,
Of Silk Brocade or Cartridge Paper
(Whichever Stuff is now the Caper),
Of Window-seats, of Parquet Floors,
Of Louis Quinze or else Quatorze!
For all your honeyfugling Pæan
In Praise of Arm-chairs Jacobean
Or Highboys carved the Lord knows when,
You shall not touch my Dusty Den!

This Personage (who's mostly Tired),
The Business Man, is much admired;
Yet not for Worlds would I be he
Who may not loaf and brood like me,
Upon the Whyness of the Isness,
But has to Buckle down to Business,
The Crux of which, from all I hear,
Is Buying Cheap and Selling Dear—
And that's Hard Work; and so, my Client
(In England called "The Weary Giant")
To Get Some Rest must often go
And see a Whirly-Girly Show.

THE LAWYER

I'd rather be a Timber-sawyer
Or Candy-peddler than a Lawyer.
The Lawyer looks upon the Hills
And thinks of Nuncupative Wills.
The Lawyer views the Rolling Prairie
And talks of Writs of Certiorari.

The Lawyer to the Lake resorts
And reads up Kickleton on Torts.
The Lawyer lies where Sylvan Peace is
And dreams of Mortgages and Leases.
I'd feel Starvation's Tooth a-gnawing
Before I'd get my Bread by Lawing!

THE MODISTE

What Dame do Men esteem the least?
The Inexpressible Modiste
Who designates each Foolish Fashion
That Faddists make their Transient Passion.
'Tis she bids Ladies dress in droll
Green boots that lace along the Sole,
Abbreviated Skirts with Gaiters
That greatly edify Spectators,
Or Evening Gowns devoid of sleeves
And otherwise resembling Eve's.
And Women slavishly obey her.
What's stranger still, they sometimes pay her!

PUSH-CARTS

Push-carts, hand-carts, heaped with ends and orts,
Dodging under motor-truck, dray, and market van—
They are pompous galleons that sail for stated ports,
You are furtive caravels that trade where best you can.

They are mighty merchantmen that bowl before the breeze,
Bound for humming harbor towns where bales are bought and sold;
You're the little pinnaces that rove uncharted seas,
Bartering with savages for emeralds and gold.

Push-carts, hand-carts, lined along the curbs,
Bargaining and chaffering, what have you to sell?
Oranges and cabbages and aromatic herbs,
Fennel, spinach, celery, and artichokes as well;

Calicoes and handkerchiefs, slippers, toys, and tins,
Bedding, books, and cooking-pots, hats and chinaware,
Music-sheets and jewelry, stockings, ties, and pins,
Laces for the maiden's throat and ribbons for her hair!

Push-carts, hand-carts, slowly trundling home,
Tell me who your captains are—captains, aye, and crews?
Lively sons of Attica, swarthy sons of Rome,
Syrians, Armenians, and heavy-bearded Jews—

Offspring of the mariners that sailed the purple fleets,
Jostled by the reckless wheel and spattered by the mire,
Hardy-souled adventurers, they cruise the city streets
Seeking still their heritage, the heritage of Tyre!

MEN

Factory whistles blow Dawn
From reverberant throats.
Hollow and mournfully drawn
Are the answering notes
Chorused from harbor and shore
Through the fog-wreaths,—and then
Cityward ceaselessly pour
Inundations of Men.
East from the Jerseys, and West
From the sea-girded plains,
South from the hills is the quest
Of the sinuous trains;
Thronged is each wave-spanning arc,
And, again and again,
Shuttle the ferry-craft, dark
With their burthen of Men.
Men! Men! Men!

Heavy-browed, eager-eyed,
Tremulous, resolute
Men.

Torrents and billows of life—
And alas for the spray!
Highway and house-top are rife
With the turbulent clay.
Men! in the rush and the stir
And the roar of the street.
Men! in the factory's whirr
And the furnace's heat.
Men! at the forges that ring
And the shuttles that ply.
Men! on the girders that swing
In the vault of the sky.
Swift through its underground lane
Like a snake to its den
Burrows the glowering train
With its burthen of Men.
Men! Men! Men!
Pitiful, glorious,
Conquering, desperate
Men.

STROKE THIRTEEN

THERE'S nothing underneath the sun
That lends to life a greater zest
Than finding out a fellow's done
A little bit beyond his best—
The sort of work that seems to show
A hidden self more strong and fine,
And makes the worker mutter low,
"That's good; too good; it can't be mine."

Alas for proud Icarian wings!
The time will come, and come it must,
When ribald, mocking failure brings
The soaring spirit down to dust;
When that which ranged from pole to pole
Is pent in limits poor and mean.
Remember then, despairing soul,
The clock can't always strike thirteen.

So build the bridge or mold the phrase
  Or ply the brush or grip the helve
And learn the worth of blame or praise
  And count the strokes from one to twelve.
New light will dawn to clear the eye,
  Brave thought will come to guide the pen;
Join faith to work, and by and by
  The clock will strike thirteen again.

THE IDOL-MAKER PRAYS

GREAT god whom I shall carve from this gray stone
  Wherein thou liest, hid to all but me,
Grant thou that when my art hath made thee known
  And others bow, I shall not worship thee.
But, as I pray thee now, then let me pray
  Some greater god—like thee to be conceived
Within my soul—for strength to turn away
  From *his* new altar, when, that task achieved,
He, too, stands manifest. Yea, let me yearn
  From dream to grander dream! Let me not rest
Content at any goal! Still bid me spurn
  Each transient triumph on the Eternal Quest,
Abjuring godlings, whom my hand hath made,
For Deity, revealed but unportrayed!

A FEW CHILDREN

MY PLATFORM

When I'm elected President
(And, anyhow, I *may* be)
I'll give a doll and Teddy bear
To every infant baby.
And each little puppy shall have a little bone
And each furry kitten a saucer of its own.

I'll make a law for Santa Claus
To visit, every Christmas,
Through every single chimney
From Alaska to the Isthmus.
And each little laddie shall have a kite that flies,
And each little lassie a doll that winks its eyes.

There sha'n't be any nuisances
Like school examinations.
I'll add a dozen holidays
And double all vacations.
And each little hero shall have a sword to wear,
And every little maid shall have a ribbon in her hair.

CLOTHES

The little Eskimoses,
Whose home among the snows is,
    Must wrap up warm
    For fear a storm
Should nip their ears and toeses.

While tiny Javaneses
Don't dream of furs and friezes;
    Their native spot
    Is much too hot
For even light chemises.

But small United Staters
May wear the furs of skaters,
    Or flannel suits
    And tramping boots,
Or overcoats and gaiters.

RUTH

THERE are, they tell me, lots of Ruths; but somewhere in between
The two important oceans is the special Ruth I mean.

She has two eyes, she has two ears, but just one mouth and nose,
Ten fingers (thumbs included), and the same amount of toes.

She's taller than she used to be, and is, from what I hear,
Exactly one year older than she was this time last year.

She always goes to bed at night; she goes to school by day;
She plays piano pieces in a most emphatic way.

She wears two shoes upon her feet, one hat upon her head;
She's fond of ice-cream, candy, and of butter on her bread.

You might not think all this about a little girl named Ruth,
But it's the truth!

ANNABEL

THEY give me things on Christmas Day
And tell me, "Run along and play."
But where's the fun? I do it *all!*
It's *me* that has to bounce the ball
And beat the drum and jump the Jack;
And even dollies can't talk back.
I have to play with *them*, you see;
They don't know how to play with *me!*

I don't want drums nor balls nor sleds
Nor sawdust dolls with china heads!
I want somebody made of meat,
And who can laugh and cry and eat
And make believe, and make a noise.
Oh, what's the good of stupid toys?
I want a little brother! *He*
Would know enough to play with *me!*

A RHYME FOR JOSEPHINE

Others sing of Rosaline,
Edith, Grace, or Clementine;
Here's a song for Josephine:

Tell me not of Seraphine,
Isobel, or Wilhelmine!
Sweeter far is Josephine.

Noble is her name, I ween;
Was there ever other queen
Statelier than Josephine?

Fair she is and blithe of mien;
Bright her face; and crystalline
Are the eyes of Josephine.

Be she six or seventeen,
Aye, or any age between,
Here's a toast to Josephine!

AWFUL JOHNNY BROWN

I LOVE my teacher, yes I do!
I love to come to school again
And see my little playmates, too,
And learn how much is ten times ten.

And all of us is glad and bright
Except that Awful Johnny Brown,
Who says—who says he dreamt last night
He saw our school a-burning down!

The book where Teacher writes our names
Was burnt; our slates was smashed and broke;
The roof and walls went down in flames,
Our joggerfies went up in smoke—

In rolling smoke as black as ink!
Such awful dreams *I* never had!
But Johnny Brown—oh, what d'you think?—
That Bad Boy says that he was glad!

WIND-IN-THE-HAIR
AND
RAIN-IN-THE-FACE

WIND-IN-THE-HAIR and Rain-in-the-face
Are friends worth the having, and yours at command;
For many's the hour and many's the place
We've frolicked together on ocean or land.

They'll brighten the darks of your gloomiest mood!
They'll strengthen your heart with their boisterous play,
They'll buffet your anger until it's subdued,
They'll sport with your sorrow and whisk it away.

Don't clutch in your curls with that grasp of despair!
A tear on the cheek is a drop out of place!
"*I'll* rumple your tresses!" roars Wind-in-the-hair.
"Let *me* do your crying!" trills Rain-in-the-face.

No seven-league boots like a pair of old shoes,
No wish-cloak that equals a rain-beaded coat,
To take you away from the Realm of the Blues,
To give you the will that grips Care by the throat!

How petty our griefs under God's open sky!
How often but ghosts of a conjuring brain!
How quickly they dwindle, how lightly they fly,
When winnowed and washed by the wind and the rain!

Then, on with your shabbiest, hardiest wear!
(The kind that the women-folk term "a disgrace!")
And swing down the highway with Wind-in-the-hair,
Or splash through the puddles with Rain-in-the-face!

A POST-CARD FROM CAMP

DEAR Uncle Bob:—
It's nice in camp.
We often has our teas
And breakfusts, when it isn't damp,
Out here among the trees.

There's moss like velvet on the ground,
And pine boughs overhead,
And chickadees come cheeping round
To beg for crumbs of bread.

And wunst I saw a chipmunk run
Acrost the cabin floor.
And when our mush-and-milk is done
We always comes for more.

WILLIE WET-FEET

THREE little playmates down by the sea,
"Willie, Willie Wet-feet can't catch me!"
Sport with the billows, wild with glee,
"Willie, Willie Wet-feet can't catch me!"
Up sweeps a wave, but they shriek and flee.
"Willie, Willie Wet-feet can't catch me!"
Here comes a big one—big as three!
"Willie, Willie Wet-feet can't catch me!"
Run, run away on the sandy lee!
"Willie, Willie Wet-feet can't catch me!"
Poor little girls, they're a sight to see!
Wicked Willie Wet-feet drenched all three!

AROUND THE CLOCK WITH BABY

7 A.M.

DEAR me! though hardly half awake,
I have to plan my daily path!
To start things right, I guess I'll take
A Bath.

9 A.M.

On milk, the sages all agree,
They fed the infant Aristotle
And Shakespeare, too. Then bring to me
My Bottle!

11 A.M.

To stay indoors is such a bore
When all is fresh and bright outside!
Bye-bye, bye-bye! I'm going for
A Ride.

1 P.M.

I take delight in volumes rare;
I love on pictured leaves to look;
In fact, I even love to tear
A Book.

3 P.M.

When things are very bad indeed,
When all my world is turned awry,
I truly, positively need
A Cry.

5 P.M.

But when the sun is down the west,
My little bed is warm and deep;
And folks *do* say I'm at my best
Asleep.

JUST AS IT OUGHT TO BE

THREE little babies were departing for a ride,
Three little babies in their carriages of pride,
Each little baby on the pleasant, sunny side—
Which is just as it ought to be.

One little baby had a coverlet of silk,
One little baby had a bonnet of that ilk,
Each little baby had a bottle full of milk—
Which is just as it ought to be.

One little baby was awaking from a doze,
One little baby was a-playing with its toes,
Each little baby had a funny little nose—
Which is just as it ought to be.

One little baby had a woolly pussy-cat,
One little baby had a bunny, like to that;
Each little baby had a cheek you longed to pat—
Which is just as it ought to be.

One little baby had a cunning, rosy fist,
One little baby was too lovely to resist,
Each little baby was imploring to be kissed—
Which is just as it ought to be.

One little baby had a dimple in its hand,
One little baby was just big enough to stand,
Each little baby was the finest in the land—
Which is just as it ought to be.

FINGERS AND TOES

Such funny songs my grandma sings!
She plays such funny games;
And, oh! she calls a lot of things
Such awful funny names!
She raps my fingers, one by one,
And says, "Now hear me tell
Who picked the currants from the bun,
And pinched the cat, as well!
'Twas
Tom Thumper,
Ben Bumper,
Long Larum,
Billy Barum,
And little Oker-bell!"

And when, at night, I've taken off
My shoes, and stockings, too,

She'll pat my feet, and frown, and cough,
And say, "It wasn't *you*
That kicked the pantry door, I s'pose,
And scarred and scratched it so?"
And then she'll laugh, and tweak my toes,
And say, "I guess *I* know!
'Twas
Toetipe,
Pennywipe,
Tommy Thistle,
Jimmie Whistle,
And Baby Trippingo!"

MUMPS

Holidays come, and you're sick;
  When you get well, there is school.
Playthings get broken so quick!
  All that they feed you is grool.

More trouble's coming, and that's
  Doctors and doses, I guess.
Kittens grow up to be cats.
  Life is a terrible mess!

WHERE'S MY, WAIT-A-MINUTE, AND ER—

A "Where's My" seldom recollects
The whereabouts of his effects,
But wonders where he put his things,
And lives a life of rummagings;
Forever asking, "Where's my hat?"
And "Where's my ball?" and "Where's my bat?"
Because a "Where's My" never tries
To use his intellect or eyes.

A "Wait-a-Minute," day and night,
Is *nearly* ready—never *quite*.
'Tis strange what crises will occur,
Delaying him (including her);
But then, "We've all the time there is,"
And *your* time's worth much less than *his*.
He has so much to do, you know;
Besides, his watch is *always* slow.

The "Er—" unfailingly will miss
The word he wants, and talks like this:
"I went to—er—, you know! and met—
Er—what-d'you-call-him?—I forget.
Well, anyhow, he said that he
Would—er—what was it?—Let me see!—"
I sometimes think that I prefer
A "Wait-a-Minute" to an "Er—"

IN DEFENSE OF CHILDREN

Though parents think their children rude,
Especially about their food,

And call their table manners low,
I really have not found them so.

I never yet have known a boy,
From Skaneateles to Troy,

From Sacramento to New York,
Who took his porridge with a fork;

Nor any girl beneath the moon
Who managed mince-pie with a spoon;

Nor any child, in all my life,
That ate its ice-cream with a knife!

LIKES AND DISLIKES

I HAD a little talk to-day—
An argument with Dan and Ike:
First Dan, he said 'twas not his way
To do the things he didn't like.

And Ike, he said that Dan was wrong;
That only cowards dodged and hid.
Because it made him brave and strong,
The things he didn't like, he did!

But then I showed to Ike and Dan
An easy way between the two:
I always try, as best I can,
To like the things I have to do.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER'S MONKEY

The funny, furry little chap,
His coat is red an' so's his cap;
He gathers pennies where he can
And gives 'em to the Organ Man.

He isn't wild, but nice and tame;
And Father says perhaps he came
From Africa or Zanzibar
Where crocodiles and lions are,

Or else Brazil or Borneo,
Where cocoanuts and plantains grow.
But still you can't be sure, you see,
So when he blinks his eyes at me

And stands upon his little legs
And lifts his little cap and begs,
I always give him something, since
He *might* be an Enchanted Prince!

COMMANDMENTS FOR PARTIES

Every time before I go
To a party, dressed just so,

Mother, in her rocking-chair,
Smooths my frock and pats my hair,

Straightens every bit of lace,
Sees that every curl's in place,

Pins my gold-and-garnet pin,
Ties a bow beneath my chin,

Gives my nose a pair of tweaks,
Kisses me on both my cheeks;

Then she says, "Now, don't forget;
Be a little lady, Pet.

"When your little friends you see,
Drop a curtsey prettily;

"Play with them; but, honey-child
Do not shout and don't be wild;

"Do not romp and do not tease,
Do your very best to please.

"At the table, sit up straight,
Keep your fingers from your plate,

"Use your fork, and do not take
Twice of ice-cream, jam, or cake.

"Do not soil your pretty frock;
Come right home at four o'clock.

"When it's time to say good-by,
Don't be awkward, don't be shy;

"Smile, and don't forget to add
What a lovely time you've had,—

"Darling! *Please* don't twist your hat!"
Gracious! Where's the fun in *that?*

"WHEN MUSIC, HEAVENLY MAID, WAS YOUNG"

Sister Janey just despises
Doing finger exercises.
But I disagree with Janey;
What is nicer when it's rainy?
When the room is warm and cozy,
When the light is soft and rosy,
All my fingers feel like dancing,
Up and down the keyboard prancing,
Like a crowd of children skipping,
Like a troop of fairies tripping,
Treading black notes, treading white ones,
Making music from the right ones.
When I've practised scales aplenty—
Fifteen minutes, maybe twenty—
Still I love to sit and linger,
Picking tunes with one forefinger,
Lonely songs with notes that quiver—

"Old Black Joe" and "Suwanee River,"
"Nellie Gray" and lots of others;
Merry college songs like Brother's;
"Yankee Doodle," "Mary, Mary,"
"Home, Sweet Home" and "Tipperary."
Then I send my fingers straying
All around like gipsies, playing
Chords just any way they strike them—
Funny jangles, but I like them,
Though I never know what's coming.
People think it's only strumming;
But I wish to say in closing
That it isn't—I'm composing!

A SECRET SOCIETY

Down in a nook of the orchard wall
Soft is the turf and the grass grows tall;
Low hang the boughs of the tree that shades
Three little girls with their bows and braids—
Bess with her beads in a shining heap,
Jill with a doll that goes to sleep,
Nell with a tea-set, bright and gay,
Each with a terrible lot to say,
Of school and the sums that are awful hard,
Books, and the games of the playing-yard,
Somebody's frock or her new straw hat,
Till, with the chatter of this and that
(Nobody knows what it's all about),
Three little girls are quite talked out.

Three little tongues for a breath are still
Down by the wall; when, "Oh!" cries Jill,
Clapping her hands in a burst of glee,
"Let's have a Secret—just us three!"

"Let's have a Secret!" chimes in Bess.
"Let's!" echoes Nell from her tea-tray; "Yes!"
"Let's have a Secret!" chorus all
Down in the nook of the orchard wall.

Three little tongues are loose again,
Blithe as the chirp of the crickets, when—
"But," stammers Bess in a minor key,
"What will the—what will the Secret be?"
Each little brow has a puckered frown,
Each little head is bent 'way down,
Each little brain is puzzling sore,
Three little tongues are still once more.

"Hush!" says the breeze where the corn-plumes
nod;
"Hum!" say the bees in the goldenrod;
"Caw?" from the pine-top asks the crow;
Chuckles the brook where the alders grow.
Out pops a chipmunk, quick as a whip,
Skips down the wall with his "Chip, chip, chip!"
Out sings a thrush from the cedar-tree,
"What, oh, what shall the Secret be?"

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

In vagabond glee they met, those three,
For the haunts of childhood bound,—
The ice-cream man, the pin-wheel man,
And he of the merry-go-round.

Their clothes were worn, their beards unshorn;
But I knew, when I looked again
With keener eyes to pierce disguise,
That they were Faery men.

The ice-cream man the talk began
With a "Ha, ha, ho, ho, ho!
"My cart I roll from the silver Pole
Where the red auroras glow.

"In the ice-blue lair of the polar bear
With cream of the reindeer fleet
My cakes are made for the kindly trade
That I ply in the parching street."

Said the pin-wheel man with the face of tan,
"I have been where the comets are;
This red balloon is a rising moon,
That wheel is a whirling star.

"When my wares run low, again I go
To the deeps of the midnight sky,
From the Milky Way where the meteors play
To heap my basket high."

"Ho! mount and ride!" the third one cried—
(Of the merry-go-round was he);
"Oh, mount and ride my steeds of pride
That steeds of magic be!

"The byways hum as the children come
When they hear my organ sound.
What road is there they do not fare
That ride on the merry-go-round?"

So they laughed in glee, the gipsy three
For the courts of childhood bound,—
The ice-cream man, the pin-wheel man,
And he of the merry-go-round.

THE SKEPTIC

"You don't believe in Sandy Claus?"
"Naw!—not the kind wot comes in sleighs!"
"But, say! there *mus'* be one, because—"
"There ain't! such things is only plays."
"You didn't git no presunts—pooh!"
"Did so; a lot; a sled, a drum—"
"Then *some one* must uv brung 'em you."
"Oh, I dunno; they—kind uv come."
"You hung your stockin' up, all right."
"O' course; but every one does *that.*"
"An' found it filled up good an' tight?"
"Well, yes; but wot you drivin' at?"
"'Twas filled—at night—an' how?—my laws!"
"Why, mebbe—Oh, there's lots uv ways!"
"You *do* believe in Sandy Claus!"
"But *not* the kind wot comes in sleighs!"

THE DOLLY'S REFORM

Said the Christmas Dolly on the fir-tree bough,
"No, I won't look pleasant, 'cause I don't know how!
For the room's so chilly, and my hands are numb,
And I feel so lonely, and I feel so glum,
And I can't be happy, and I sha'n't be! *but*
I will just keep scowling with my lids tight shut!"

Oh, the white star twinkled on the tree's tip-top,
And the lop-eared Bunny flipped a wild flip-flop,
And the brown Pup waggled, and the Jumping-Jack
Kicked his right foot forward and his left foot back,
And the long-haired Monkey did a one-hand vault,
And the big black Teddy threw a sommersault.

Then the lights were lighted and the room grew warm,
And the gold-lace Captain in his uniform

Took the Army riding on the eight-wheeled truck,
With the tin toy Tiger and the hardwood Duck;
And the Goat went coasting on the new red sled,
And he jumped up laughing when he bumped his
head.

So the Christmas Dolly had a great surprise;
But she smiled politely, and she blinked both eyes,
And she seemed as happy as a doll could be
When a Small Pink Person picked her off the tree.
And I've always wondered (as you knew I would)
How so bad a Dolly could become so good!

TWELFTHNIGHT DIRGE

Dismantled lies the Christmas tree,
Its duty done;
Of all its baubles, Time's decree
Preserves not one.
The gifts of late arrayed below
Its boughs in state—
Those rapture-giving playthings—oh,
We mourn their fate.
The precious Doll's resplendent hair,
Alack, is shorn!
The Picture-book of pages rare
Is rudely torn.
Three days the battered Ball hath lain
In cold neglect;
The Motor Car and Railway Train
Are wholly wrecked,

And Noah's Ark across the tide
No more can sail.
The Rocking-horse hath lost his pride—
In fact, his tail.
Yet wherefore should we sadly cling
To waning joys,
When other Christmases shall bring
Unbroken toys?
Then, though small hands must wreak their will,
As in our day,
Give thanks, above the wrack, that still
God's lambs will play.

THE LITTLE GIRL UP-STAIRS

We didn't have "apartments" then—
We used to call them flats; and ours
Was simply known as Number Ten—
Not "Ayrwood Arms" or "Wyndham Towers."
Our childish hearts were never bent
On dances, teas, and like affairs,
But every afternoon I went
To see the Little Girl Up-stairs.

Two long, dark flights, and then her door!
A magic door it was to me.
Oh, I was five and she was four!
A rainbow world, an opal sea
Were ours to rove. What ports we made!
What dragons slew in horrid lairs!
What treasure, grandly won, I laid
Before the Little Girl Up-stairs!

Her hair—I think her hair was brown.
Her eyes—I'm sure her eyes were gray;
They had a trick of looking down.
Her little mouth through all our play
Was gravely sweet, yet often came
A smile to curve it, unawares.
Her name—her name? Ah, yes; her name
Was just, "the Little Girl Up-stairs."

Up other flights I clamber still;
Through other doors I make my way;
In other games I've played my fill,
And right well worth was all the play.
But when I've done with prose and rhyme,
With earthly battles, joys and cares,
May some good angel help me climb
To meet the Little Girl Up-stairs.

TO THE LITTLEST
OF ALL

TO THE LITTLEST OF ALL

Little songs are prettiest,
Little tales are wittiest;
  The little, little, little cloud
    Is whitest in the west;
Little brooks are tunefullest,
Little lakes are moonfullest;
  The little, little, little trail
    Can climb the mountain best.

Little rooms are coziest,
Little hands are rosiest;
  The little, little, little home
    Is Heaven's dearer part.
Little wiles can charm a man,
Little smiles disarm a man;
  A little, little, little maid
    Can nestle in his heart.

LALAGE

Depone in tutis auribus

Father Horace, knowing every
  Chord and tone of Woman's heart,
Teach me, long thy faithful pupil,
  How to play the lover's part;
When with eyes and when with sighs
  And how with vows to urge my plea,
For, thou prince of jovial lovers,
  I'm in love with Lalage,—
    Sweetly singing, sweetly speaking,
      Sweet, low-laughing Lalage.

Clearer than Bandusia's fountain
  Are the eyes that vanquish mine;
Red the lips that bubble gladness
  Like thy rich Falernian wine;
Do I fear their merry music—
  Blended flute and violin

Welling over pearl and coral
From the crystal soul within?—
Laughing, let me challenge laughter;
Laughing shall I bend the knee,
Sweetly singing, sweetly speaking,
Sweetly laughing Lalage!

TWENTY

A STAR is the brighter,
A pearl is the whiter,
A song is the clearer,
A dream is the dearer,
A rose is the sweeter,
A life the completer
And love is more plenty,
For Vida is twenty.

PIPES OF PAN

"I LOVE, you love, we love!"
  Trilled the pipes of Pan
On the golden lea, Love,
  When the world began.

Birds on every tree, Love,
  Caught the mellow notes.
"I love, you love, we love!"
  Pulsed their tiny throats.

"I love, you love, we love!"
  Hear the echo still
By the summer sea, Love,
  On the quiet hill!

So our simple glee, Love,
  Ends where it began.
"I love, you love, we love!"
  Trill the pipes of Pan.

COME BACK!

THERE's naught in the town and its profitless pleasures,
No comfort in labor, no gladness in play;
The beat of my bosom but wearily measures
The heavy-winged hours that you are away.

A world that was golden is barren and lonely,
The skies that were azure are leaden and black;
You are Faith, you are Hope, you are Honor; you only
Are Life and its meaning! My dear one, come back!

The strength I rejoiced in is futile and broken.
Come back to the mountains and fields that we knew!
Come back! Though the depth of the soul be unspoken,
My earth and my heaven hold nothing but you.

The wind of our wilderness, failing and dying,
The billow that tosses the bubble and wrack,
The brant in their multitude summerward flying
Shall bring you the message, "My dear one, come back!"

Come back from the coasts where the dolphin are leaping;
Come back through the spray of a jubilant sea;
Come back with a heart that was left in your keeping;
Come back, little gipsy, to love and to me!

DESIGN

The curving shore was made to hold the sea,
The hollyhock to hold the drowsy bee,
The columbine to hold a drop of dew,
And my two arms were fashioned just for you.

SERENADE TO VIDA

When the slow
Afterglow
Leaves the hills of Ramapo,
When above the river's flow
  The owl is winging;
Pure as myrrh,
Breezes stir
Through the waving plumes of fir,
Wafting balm of sleep to her
  That knows my singing.

Tender bright
Starry light
Softly touch her pillow white!
Little voices of the night,
  Uplifted clearly—

Cricket trill,
Whippoorwill,
Sigh of wind across the hill,
Echo through her slumber still,
"He loves you, dearly!"

COMRADES

Come out! oh, little comrade of the tresses flying
free,
Rejoicing in the sunlight that was made for you
and me!
To tarry is a folly and to worry is a sin;
Our boat is on the river and the tide comes in.

What roads were ever fairer than the gipsy trails we
love,
The mossy rock beneath us and the flying cloud
above?
We mock the squirrel's chatter and the calling of
the crows,
Our feet are on the mountains and the West Wind
blows.

The snow-encumbered forest rims a frost-enchanted
mere,

The hills are sharp in shadow and the moon is bold
and clear;
Your cheek is rich in roses that the touch of Winter
brings;
The lake is frozen midnight and the bright skate
rings.

But when we're done with roving under heaven's
mighty dome,
A deeper joy is waiting in our bounded realm of
Home;
My bosom is a pillow for a sunny little head—
It's cozy by the hearthside when the flame glows
red.

BURMESE LOVE-SONG

The Moonbeam wooed in velvet night
A Lotus bloom that dreamed of morn;
The Lotus moved her petals bright—
My Love came forth, my Soul was born.

More fair than any flower may be,
Her face is pure and fine as dusk;
Her hair is night above the sea,
Her fragrant skin is sweet as musk.

Her robes are silk; in every fold
There shines a pearl, there gleams a gem;
Her arms are clasped with hoops of gold;
Her eyes—what stars are like to them?

I fear the breeze at close of day,
I tremble when the dawn-wind blows;
Oh, Zephyr, woo her not away—
So light she comes, so light she goes!

OLD WELSH DOOR VERSE

Hail Guest! We ask not what thou art:
If Friend, we greet thee, hand and heart;
If Stranger, such no longer be;
If Foe, our love shall conquer thee.

AT NUMBER ELEVEN

I THINK of it now as our corner of Heaven—
The little apartment at Number Eleven!
How boldly we leased it, without one misgiving!
How laughingly challenged the Problems of Living!
Rejecting all counsel, and scorning the censure
That elders bestowed on our reckless adventure,
Like two merry children we played at housekeeping,—
And you did the dusting and I did the sweeping.

No palace was ever so tastefully furnished,
Nor ever was silver more ardently burnished.
Our kitchen was cleanly beyond a suspicion;
The table and chair in my study were Mission;
A Chippendale desk was your chiefest of treasures,
And few were our worries, and simple our pleasures;
Not even the dishes were ever too trying,
For I did the washing and you did the drying.

We labored, we sorrowed, we triumphed together;
We mapped our own life-path, regardless of whether
Our course was the same that the world was pursuing,
For little we bothered what others were doing.
And now we have servants, and needs to employ them,
And manifold comforts, and well we enjoy them;—
But—we were the blithest of wedded beginners
When I got the breakfasts and you cooked the dinners!

HOUSE BLESSING

Bless the four corners of this house,
And be the lintel blest;
And bless the hearth and bless the board
And bless each place of rest;
And bless the door that opens wide
To stranger as to kin;
And bless each crystal window-pane
That lets the starlight in;
And bless the rooftree overhead
And every sturdy wall.
The peace of man, the peace of God,
The peace of Love on all!

TRAIL AND ROAD

Now comes tne time to take the pack
And fare on lane and byway,
On mountain trail and hunter's track,
On country road and highway.

Unmeasured lands are ours to know,
And many waters play there;
And you shall tell me where to go,
And I shall find the way there.

Across the mossy mountain trail
The friendly brook is flowing.
Along the road, by wall and rail,
The goldenrod is glowing.

On track and trail I bear the load
And trudge ahead to guide you;
But best I love the country road,
For there I walk beside you.

FAUNA AND FLORA

HOMES

The Cormorant builds on a ledge by the sea;
The Coot, on the bank of a runnel;
The Woodpecker hunts for a hole in a tree;
The Kingfisher digs him a tunnel.

The Barn-swallow nests in the haunts of the tame;
The Grouse, in the brush and the cumber;
The Country Mouse lives in a Home with a Name;
The City Mouse dwells at a Number!

The Bumblebee hives in a hole in the ground;
The Wasp has a mansion of paper;
The Ant may be found in a neat little mound;
The Clothes Moth resides with the draper.

The Rattlesnake camps on the Prairie-dog's claim;
The Bat, in the cliff-hollow's umber;
The Freeman inhabits a Home with a Name;
The Slave, but a House with a Number!

The fleet-footed Caribou rests in the brake;
The Mole, at the end of a furrow;
The Beaver abides in a hut on the lake;
The Woodchuck is warm in a burrow.

Remote from the camp-fire's flickering flame,
The Bear in his cavern may slumber;
And you're in the hills in a Home with a Name—
But I'm on a Street at a Number!

MARCH MANY-WEATHERS

Mad March Many-Weathers
Blusters in;
Wood-birds fluff their feathers,
Buds begin;
Bound brooks burst their tethers;
Keenly blow
Rollicking winds that rout the snow.

HOW THE BIRDS CAME

AN INDIAN LEGEND

All summer long the forest trees
Had raised their leaves for dew and breeze;
But colder grew the autumn sun
And, slowly fading, one by one
The leaves came drifting down the air
Till soon the boughs would all be bare.

What sadness comes with fall of leaf!
The great trees bent their heads in grief
And raised their knotted arms to call
In prayer on Him Who made them all:
"O Gitche Manitou above,
Shall all be lost of these we love?"

In thunder roll and lightning flame
The Mighty Spirit's answer came:
"Behold, my forest, tempest-tossed,
How all must change, yet naught be lost!"

And while they heard the Master's words,
The drifting leaves were changed to birds!

The leaves of willow fluttered down
As Finches, tawny, green, and brown.
The red and russet leaves of oak
Became the Thrush and Robin folk.
The golden beech-leaves learned to fly
As Yellowbirds athwart the sky;
While all the maple leaves that turned
In changing hues that glowed and burned
Took wing across the wooded knolls
As Tanagers and Orioles!

So, every year when laughing Spring
Dissolves the snows, on eager wing
The birds of forest, hill, and glen
Return to know their trees again,—
To build their nests, to peer and stir
Among the leaves of which they were;
And from those boughs where once they grew
They sing to Gitche Manitou.

FOLK RHYMES

THE RABBIT

LITTLE cow with leather horn,
Creep the hedge and crop the thorn;
Leave the kale and spare the corn,
Little cow with leather horn!

SPRING'S VANGUARD

The Bat, the Bee, the Chickadee,
The Bluebird and the Swallow,
The Grackle harsh above the marsh—
And all the rest may follow!

AN APRIL FOOL

"Shell-a-mud, Shell-a-mud, put out your horns!
Buds on the branches and leaves on the thorns.
Guinevere's daughter has come into town,
Gold is her petticoat, green is her gown!"

Out thrust the head of the queer little snail;
Brown was the hillside and bare was the dale;
Nothing she saw but the yellow Lent-lily—
"Guinevere's daughter" is Daffydowndilly!

MIKKO THE SQUIRREL

A PASSAMAQUODDY INDIAN LEGEND

Mikko the Squirrel, his tale I rehearse,
Whose morals are doubtful, whose language is worse.

When fresh was our world from the Manitou's hand,
When Gluskap the Mighty was lord of the land,
Before there was wisdom in Mowene the Bear,
Or timorous caution in Wapoos the Hare,
Or Ahdook the Red Deer had learned to be fleet,
Or snow-shoes were fixed on the Caribou's feet,
Or Askook the Serpent was Death in the Hills,
Or Kag the slow Porcupine quivered with quills,
Or, frighting the Minnows, that helmet of dread
The Kingfisher's war bonnet grew on his head,—
The terror of beasts and the terror of men
Was Mikko the Squirrel who dwelt in the glen!

For long-toothed was Mikko and ruddy of hair,
As fierce as the Panther, as huge as the Bear;

And, leaping and pouncing and snapping his tail,
He ravaged the forest, he ravaged the vale;
The wilderness shivered when, savage and grim,
He uttered his war cry of "Chim, chim, chim, chim!"

Now Mikko the Squirrel was swollen with pride;
And out from the forest he sallied and cried,
"Oh, come in your prowess and come in your might!
O Gluskap the Feeble, I dare you to fight!"
Then Gluskap the Mighty strode forth on the plain;
He seized upon Mikko, who struggled in vain;
In spite of his anger, relentless and calm,
He stroked him and stroked him with finger and palm,
He stroked raging Mikko, the ruddy of hue,
That smaller and smaller and smaller he grew,
Till even the Marten that dwells in the tree,
Aye, even the Rabbit, is greater than he!
Then gently said Gluskap, "Small Brother of mine,
Your food be the seed in the cone of the pine;
The fruit of the hazel I give you to eat;
The nut be your quarry, the acorn your meat.

And since you are wrathful, to lessen the smart
That impotent fury shall breed in your heart,
I charge you, when angered at beast or at man,
To say, 'Chim, chim, chim, chim!' as fast as you
can!"

So Mikko the Squirrel, the jest of the Jay,
As small as the smallest that once were his prey,
Still chatters and scolds from his perch on the limb
And utters his war-cry of "Chim, chim, chim,
chim!"

His manners are awful, his language as bad,
But vain is the fury of Mikko the Mad!

PUSSY-WILLOWS

More soft than press of baby lips
They fleck the russet willow-slips
Before the bluebirds hither wing—
These first, faint footfalls of the Spring.

THE CHIPMUNK

AN INDIAN LEGEND

A CHIPPER little Chippeway ran out to gather chips
Beneath the friendly sycamore, among the hazel slips;
The council-fire's manager, he ravaged grove and thicket,
As merry as a tanager, as lively as a cricket.
The sun had burned his skin, and turned
Its hue to copper-brown;
His dancing foot o'er stump and root
Was free as thistle-down;
His flashing eyes were fireflies;
And, sprightly as a whip,
He frisked along and sang his song
Of "Chip! chip! chip!"

A witch—a dreadful harridan!—was hidden in the shaws;

She pounced upon the little man, she seized him
with her claws.
In vain he begged. She grumbled, "No!" At last
his cries for aid
Awoke the silent Maneto that ruled the leafy
glade.

His magic might that wizard wight
Aroused at mercy's call;
And, swift as flame, the boy became
A squirrel, lithe and small.
To hungry jaws and clutching claws
The captive gave the slip,
And flashed away beneath a spray
With "Chip! chip! chip!"

Along the splintered tumble-rail on bounding foot
he flies—
That saucy-whiskered tawny-tail with merry, beady
eyes.
Now follow in the track of him, and see!—a triple
stripe
Along the furry back of him recalls the witch's
gripe.

He loves the shade of grove and glade,
The sunny fence of stone;
The hemlock tops, the hazel-copse,
The pines, are all his own.
And here he whisks and there he frisks
On boughs that lightly dip;
To all the dale he tells the tale
Of "Chip! chip! chip!"

COLUMBINES

Late were we sleeping
Deep in the mold,
Clasping and keeping
Yesterday's gold—
Hoardings of sunshine,
Crimson and gold;
Dreaming of light till our dream became
Aureate bells and beakers of flame—
Splashed with the splendor of wine of flame.
Raindrop awoke us;
Zephyr bespoke us;
Chickadee called us,
Bobolink called us—
Then we came.

WREN-HOUSE TO LET

This house was built, Miss Jenny Wren,
For you, your mate, and fledglings ten,
With solid walls and airy roof,
Salubrious and weather-proof.
The door, just large enough for you,
Will let no rowdy Sparrow through;
That row of spikes in sharp array
Will keep marauding Cats away;
Our garden-beds will furnish food
For all your ever-hungry brood
(We highly recommend the Worms).
So be our tenant; name your terms.
The rent? No, not one feather tip—
Just neighborly companionship!

THE WICKED W-REN*

The little W-ren is a wicked w-retch;
He cannot be good for a day at a stretch;
Whenever a Doodlebug crosses his path
He snaps it! w-reaking his awful w-rath.

W-rangling, he worries his Brothers in Song,
W-recking their nests, which is plainly w-rong.
Such deeds are w-rought by the wicked W-ren—
W-riting their record w-renches my pen.

But just let me catch him!—for though he is lit
And quick to w-restle, w-riggle, w-rithe,
With supple w-rist I will settle him then,
W-ringing the neck of the wicked W-ren!

*Pronounced "Wur-ren."

THE WILDWOOD LOON

A FABLE FOR JESTERS

THE loon has to laugh till he dies!
He laughs when he swims or he flies;
He laughs on the stream and lagoon.
"Ha, ha!" laughs the wildwood loon.

The loon thought the world was a jest;
He laughed at his mate on her nest;
He laughed at the sun and the moon.
"Ha, ha!" laughed the wildwood loon.

He laughed at the deer and the bear,
He laughed at the mink and the hare,
He laughed at the fox and the coon.
"Ha, ha!" laughed the wildwood loon.

He laughed on the lake and the sound;
He laughed and he laughed, till he found

That laugh his perpetual tune!
"Ha, ha!" laughed the wildwood loon.

In grief and in pain and in dearth
He must laugh without heart, without mirth;
He must laugh, though to wail were a boon.
"Ha, ha!" laughs the wildwood loon.

THE HOME-BUILDERS: A BIRDOLOGUE

(*The time is May. The scene is any orchard. The characters are Lord and Lady Baltimore, the Orioles*)

Lord Baltimore. So here we are, my sweet, and glad
We came; for, while 'tis true we had
A charming winter holiday
In Southern climes, when gentle May
Has come, our cooler Northern sky
I much prefer.

Lady Baltimore. And so do I!
The very heart within me quakes
To think about those dreadful snakes
Among the swamps! I can't forget
That mottled wretch with eyes of jet
Who swung his ugly head above
Our nest—

Lord B. There! calm yourself, my love;
He isn't here, and if he were
I'd teach him manners!—Well, bestir!
'Tis May, 'tis May! my dearest one;
The sun is bright, our journey's done;
The grass is green; the orchard trees,
In bloom, are all alive with bees;
The gipsy wind shall help us plan
A frolic flight—

Lady B. How like a man!
To think of play and idle flight
Before we'd even found a site
To build our proper, hanging nest!

Lord B. Ah, well, I thought you needed rest;
But, since you're anxious, let's prepare:
Now, that young maple over there—

Lady B. Oh no, indeed! It's much too near
The house.

Lord B. That leafy birch—

Lady B. My dear,
It's far too low.

Lord B. The sycamore?

Lady B. Too bare.

Lord B. The oak?

Lady B. I've said before
That oaks have branches far too rough;
Besides, they never sway enough
To rock the babies.

Lord B. How about
That spreading elm? It's just without
The orchard wall; that dizzy height
No cat may climb; those branches light
No boy dare trust; besides, you see,
My office, in the cherry-tree,
Is close at hand.

Lady B. You don't suppose
Those thievish jays or hungry crows—

Lord B. I'd like to see them go so far
As just to peep!

Lady B. How brave you are!

Lord B. Well, then, it's settled?

Lady B. Yes, I trust
Your judgment, dear.

Lord B. My love, we must
Be sure to find the very best
Of grass and moss to build our nest,
With threads from Dobbin's tail and mane
To weave it close against the rain;
With thread as soft as spiders spin,
And wool to line it warm within;
With raveled bits of silken clues,
With tangled yarn of many hues;
And, last, to make it doubly fair,
Some strands of Edith's golden hair.

THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE

Lord Baltimore has come! I know
That mellow-noted bugle-horn!
He hunts the bee above the sloe,
The snail upon the thorn.

Then curl beneath the wasted leaf,
Base caitiff slug! thy doom is nigh!
Marauding worm, thou orchard thief,
Beware his eager eye!

Lord Baltimore is gay, I ween,
In livery of black and gold;
He flits among the branches green
Right gallant to behold.

A feathered athlete, lithe and light,
He frolics, hovers, lilts and swings;
Anon, anon, in pure delight
Of air-borne life, he sings.

Lord Baltimore, a lover true,
  Has hither brought a gentle bride
Of softer note and sadder hue;
  Together, side by side,

Where wattled branches lift a roof,
  With creeper, withe, and raveled string
He weaves the warp and she the woof
  To frame a cradle-swing;

And there, beneath the mother's breast,
  All warm and safe from lurking wrong
Her purple-tinted eggs shall rest—
  Four spheres of future song.

Lord Baltimore is stern in fight
  Should danger menace brood or dame,
As well befits the doughty knight
  Who bears that lofty name;

His rush is swift; and strong the blow
  And sharp the beak when honor calls!
Then, braggart jay and thievish crow,
  Avoid his castle walls!

The prince of summer's tuneful bands,
  He cleaves the air with golden oar;—
Thrice welcome to thy Northern lands,
  O brave Lord Baltimore!

TULIPS

Brave little fellows in crimsons and yellows,
Coming while breezes of April are cold,
Winter can't freeze you; he flies when he sees you
Thrusting your spears through the redolent mold.

Jolly Dutch flowers rejoicing in showers,
Drink! ere the pageant of Spring passes by!
Hold your carousals to Robin's espousals,
Lifting rich cups for the wine of the sky!

Dignified urbans in glossy silk turbans,
Burgher-like blossoms of gardens and squares,
Nodding so solemn by fountain and column,
What is the talk of your weighty affairs?

Pollen and honey (for such is your money),
Gossip and freight of the chaffering bee,
Prospects for growing, what colors are showing,
News of rare tulips from over the sea?

Loitering near you, how often I hear you,
Just ere your petals at twilight are furled,
Laugh through the grasses while Evelyn passes,
"There goes the loveliest flower in the world!"

HOW THE FEUD STARTED

BEFORE there were Pineapples, Peaches, or Plums,
The Dog and the Cat were Companions and Chums.

(They lived in a Highly Respectable Grotto,
Where "God Bless Our Home" was their Favorite
Motto.)

The Dog had a Parchment, a Parchment had he,
Proclaiming his Right to be Happy and Free.

(This Charter was signed by the Patriarch Noah,
And Witnessed in Form by the Goat and the Boa.)

The Dog went a-hunting on Mount Ararat;
The Parchment he left in the Care of the Cat.

(His Trust in the Cat was Complete and Abiding.
The Dog, then as ever, was Much Too Confiding.)

The Cat, who was always a Rover in Soul,
Grew bored with the Cavern and went for a Stroll.

(Beguiled by the Song of the Birds in the Bowers,
He ambled and rambled for Hours and Hours.)

Then out from their Crannies the Mouse People crept,
And Lunched on the Parchment that Puss should have kept!

(They flocked with their Children, their Nephews and Nieces;
They shredded the Charter and ate up the Pieces.)

When Home came the Dog near the Close of the Day,
The Last of his Freedom was whisking away!

(He leaped!—but the Tails disappeared in a Flicker.
The Dog may be Quick, but the Mouse Folk are Quicker.)

When Home strolled the Cat as the Twilight gre
dim,
The Dog paid the Utmost Attention to *Him!*

(The Cat, who in Climbing was always a Leader,
Escaped by a Whisker and ran up a Cedar.)

So, seeking his Vengeance—and justly, at that—
The Dog, through the Ages, still chases the Cat.

(The Cat, with Equivalent Justification,
Has chosen the Mouse as his Favorite Ration.)

THE DAISY

Little Peg-a-Ramsey
With the yellow hair,
Double ruff about her neck
And ne'er a frock to wear,

Opens to the sunbeam,
Curtsies to the bee,
Dances when the bobolink
Awakes the world with glee.

Little Peg-a-Ramsey,
Say, before you close,
Do you ever droop your head
And wish you were a rose?

Little Peg-a-Ramsey
Nodding in the wheat,
Could it make you prettier
To call you "Marguerite"?

THE BELTED KINGFISHER

He makes the weathered willow stump
A sentry tower and throne;
From broken dam to alder clump
The stream is all his own.

But, friend to sport, no churl is he!
Whene'er I come in view
His jolly rattle welcomes me,
For I'm a fisher, too.

I watch him poise on rapid wings
Above the rippled pool
Where, hither-thither, flits and swings
The flashing minnow-school.

I see him dart, a feathered spear,
Upon the silver prey,
Then slowly flap across the weir
And bear his prize away.

Good fishing! azure water-sprite,
To you and all your clan.
Good fishing! little belted knight,
My brother fisherman.

May never hurt or harm befall
Your leafy solitude,
Your deeply tunneled castle hall,
Or tousle-headed brood!

THE FLOUNDER

"Hurry!" hailed the Bluefish. "Hurry!" called the Skate;
"Hurry!" puffed the Porpoise. "Up! it's growing late
Rise! you tardy Flounder; swim to Barren Key;
There we choose a ruler—King of all the Sea!"

Swift they passed above him through the foamy scud.
Lazily the Flounder lifted from the mud;
Sleepily the Flounder left his briny bed:
"Hurrying is vulgar. Time enough!" he said.

"Vagabonds of Ocean, what will haste avail!
I shall scrub my silver, deftly part my tail;
Who in worth or beauty may contend with me?
All shall vote me ruler—Monarch of the Sea!"

When, at last, the Flounder reached the sheltered
bay,
Deep was his amazement, deeper his dismay.
Chorused all the sea-folk, gathered in a ring,
"Honor to the Herring! He shall be our King!"

Proudly swam the Herring, leading forth his clan
(Worthiest of fishes, bountiful to Man).
Envious, the Flounder rolled his eyes and sneered:
"Oh, is that your ruler? What a king!" he
jeered.

Scowling like a school-boy, sullen as a shrew,
How he curled and twisted all his face askew,
Crooked as a crawfish! But—oh, cruel fate!—
When he would, he could not pull his visage
straight!

Angered at his rudeness, rose the mighty Whale;
"Thwack!" upon the Flounder smote that dreadful
tail,
Made him as a pancake, deep upon his face,
Like a butter-pattern, stamped that weird grimace!

That's the way it happened; that's the reason, Honey,
Why the poor, flat Flounder looks so awful funny!

ROBIN'S WHEAT

In Brittany, in Brittany
  The summer-time is sweet
With robin's mellow litany
  And fields of waving wheat;

In Brittany, in Brittany
  A simple tale is told
When, pearled with rain, the sunlit grain
  O'erwhelms the land with gold.

. . . . . .

There came a band of holy men
  In russet gowns or gray,
To teach the tribes of wood and fen
  To labor and to pray.

They cleared the wild, they trained the vine;
  The stones that strewed the moor

They heaped, and raised a lowly shrine
To Him Who loves the poor.

And much they longed to till the plain
With mattock, plow, and hoe,
But naught they had of hoarded grain
Nor any seed to sow.

Then spake their abbot: "Soon or late,
Faith conquers every need;
Do ye but draw the furrow straight
And God will send the seed."

With trust and strength they drove the share,
They turned the loamy clod;
They made the furrow deep and fair
And left the rest to God.

When red was all the glowing West
As sacramental wine
There came a bird of crimson breast
And perched upon the shrine,

Within his bill of golden brown
A heavy head of wheat;
He dropped the fruitful burden down
Before the abbot's feet.

The precious kernels, one by one,
The friars laid in place.
The green blades leaped; beneath the sun
The harvest throve apace;

And year by year it multiplied
And spread on every hand,
Till "robin's wheat" is waving wide
Through all the pleasant land.

. . . . . .

In Brittany, in Brittany
When summer-time is sweet
With robin's mellow litany
Above the rolling wheat,

On harvest-field and burdened wain
From peasant lips is heard
The tale of him who brought the grain—
The ruddy-breasted bird.

SONG OF THE GORSE

Oh, To-day has golden hours,
And the world has golden cheer,
And the gorse has golden flowers
Blowing all the golden year.

So a frown is out of reason,
For the heart is out of gloom;
And kissing's out of season—
When the gorse is out of bloom!

WISKEDJAK THE JAY

Wiskedjak the Moose-bird, Wiskedjak the Jay,
Wiskedjak—the rascal!—was a Man.
Impishly he bantered all who came his way,
Playing tricks on everything that ran.

All that ran or bounded, walked or crept or flew
Through the wood, were targets for his jokes;
Jeering at the Eagle, lordly Ken-e-u,
Wiskedjak was always plaguing folks,—

Teasing wily Waguc, scaring from her nest
Wucagi the Heron of the fen,
Worrying the wood-friend, everybody's guest,
Little Oka-pandji-kuc the Wren.

Mikinak the Turtle, Kag the Porcupine—
Kag who bears the spears upon his back,
Came to Nanabozo, human yet divine,
Told him of the deeds of Wiskedjak.

Mighty Nanabozo spake a potent word:
Wiskedjak, the culprit, had to come.
Mighty Nanabozo changed him to a Bird,
Ruffling out the feathers with his thumb.

"Go!" said Nanabozo, "play your merry games;
Be my Little Jester of the Woods!
When the green is tender, when the maple flames,
When the mountains don their snowy hoods,

"Flitting through the pine-boughs like a driven leaf,
You shall mock at all beneath the sky.
Though you be a scapegrace, though you be a thief,
Men shall laugh to see you swagger by!"

Wiskedjak the Moose-bird, Wiskedjak the scamp,
Wiskedjak, you rogue in sooty gray,
Wake the wood with laughter, sport about our camp!
Wiskedjak, oh, Wiskedjak the Jay!

OCTOBER

When the silken tress is blowing
  Round the greenly kirtled corn,
When the apple's cheek is glowing
  With the flush of early morn.

Summer flees, with teasing laughter
  Waving wide her tasseled firs;
Baby Autumn tumbles after,
  Pelting her with chestnut-burrs.

THE ORCHARD WOODCHUCK

Bold little monk of the intricate burrow,
Don't you pretend you are out for a stroll!
Kale of the closes or corn of the furrow,
Grapes from the arbor or beans from the pole—

Which will be missed when you've ended your dinner?
Why have you grown so disgracefully fat?
Where are you going, impenitent sinner?
Russet-clad roisterer, answer me that!

What is your business—*not* begging your pardon?
Why have you honored the least of your friends?
Why are you swaggering here in my garden?
Kindly explain what your visit portends.

Tell me—but, see! he is off on the scamper;
Oh, how that brazen marauder can run!

Quick as a squirrel though full as a hamper,
  Twinkling his saucy black heels in the sun.

Down the dark tunnel he bolts as I near him;
  Then, with a turn in his underground space,
Up comes his nose and—the villain! just hear him!
  Chuck-chuck-chuck-chuckling, he laughs in my face!

How I should miss him! the rascally rover,
  Clown of the orchard, so jolly and plump,
Rustling the silvery dew from the clover,
  Sunning his back on the boulder or stump.

Chuckle away, then, my brown little brother,
  Safe in your cool, subterranean hall;
Earth will provide, our beneficent mother
  (Blest be the harvest!), enough for us all.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Brave-hearted blossoms that rejoice the bee
When asters droop, when goldenrod is dead,
When oak leaves clinging late upon the tree
Have changed for russet their Autumnal red,
Come, leave my Northern garden's dreary pale!
For threats of killing frost pervade the air;
Together we shall face November's gale
And sift his snowflakes through our tawny hair.

We've shared the best delights, full-blossomed flowers—
Free air, wide sky, the song of winds that pass,
The still of noon, the heartening rush of showers,
The sleigh-bell chime of crickets in the grass.
We've drunk the strength of earth, the calm of night,
The golden joy of sunshine from above,
And now, in Autumn's chill and Winter's blight,
We'll yield that joy again to those we love.

MY GUIDE'S FABLE

I SWUNG to the ripplin' shallers an' brung the canoe a-land,
An' there wuz a fine red squirrel a-cussin' to beat the band;
A-snappin' his teeth an' barkin', a-jerkin' his bushy tail—
The things what he said wuz shockin', up there on the Injun trail.
Sez he, "Look a-here, young feller! these woods is a den o' thieves!
I'd gethered a pile o' hazels an' hid 'em among the leaves;
When up comes that highway robber—that scallywag, bluecoat jay—
The son o' the thief that hatched 'im, an' filches the lot away!
I won't eat a speck o' dinner! I swear it upon my soul!

Until I kin make that sinner surrender them nuts he stole!"

"The forest is thick with hazels!" sez I, "an the medder corn

Is meller with juicy kernels ez white ez them teeth o' yo'rn.

The shell o' the shagbark's open; the ches'nut hez bu'st the burr;

The cones in a thousan' tassels is ripe on the glossy fir.

A pert little chap, ez yo' be, with on'y the meanest luck,

C'uld find, in a whisk an' scamper, ten times what the jay bird tuk.

Besides, in the chipmunk's pantry they say there's an empty shelf,

An', beggin' yo'r pardin, ain't yo' a bit of a thief yo'rself?"

He jaws me a piece like fury; then squeaks like the Squire in hall

A-scoldin' a stupid jury: "Yo' don't git the p'int at all!

I'd guv 'em, an' guv my blessin'! but," givin' his tail a fling,
"Aw, shucks fer the nuts! I'm pressin' the Principle o' the thing!"
"Ef you'd been a King," I hollers, "I reck'n that you'd a spent
A couple o' million dollars collectin' a copper cent!"

A WINTER CRICKET

WHAT business has he chirping there?
The butterflies and birds are flown.
What bravery of grim despair
Awakes his chiming monotone?

The hare, in furry Winter coat,
Erects his ears in mild amaze
To hear that keen, untimely note—
That cry of vanished Summer days.

Sing, Cricket! Down a barren hill
The icy-tinkling stream is flung.
So graybeards quaver, weak and shrill,
As though their world again were young;

So martyrs lift, when hope is fled,
The hymn that shames triumphant Wrong;
So lovers chant when love is dead—
Sing, Cricket, for the love of Song!

A FOREST CHRISTMAS

DEEP in the heart of the timber-lands
The Christmas fir of the woodfolk stands,
Bright with the glitter that the Frost King loans
To its rich green tassels and its dark-brown cones.
And the woodfolk come through the drifted snow
For their Yuletide gifts that are heaped below:

Bark for the beaver, sprouts for the hare,
Golden honey for the drowsy bear,
Moss for the doe and the antlered buck,
Wildwood apples for the gray woodchuck,
Nuts for the chipmunk, haws for the grouse,
And alder fruit for the white-foot mouse.

THE INDIAN'S CALENDAR

The Moon of Hardship, January, blocks
The hunter's trail with snow, and buries deep
The paths of Elk and Deer. Among the rocks
The surly Black Bear sleeps the winter sleep.

The Moon of Mask-on-Face, the wise Raccoon,
Dark February storms; yet, while he blows,
The Wild Geese honk that Spring is coming soon!
The horns of Stags are cast on melting snows.

The Moon of Running Waters, March the Strong,
Awakes the Woodchuck from his winter nap.
Up through the snow crust comes the Chipmunk throng,
While girdled maples yield their sugared sap.

The Moon of Starry Nights, young April comes:
The Beaver People mend their dams again;

Upon his log the crested Partridge drums,
And mighty magic moves the hearts of men.

The Moon of Leaves, sweet, blossom-dropping May,
Throws mottled shadows over forest lawns
Where Woodmice hold their dance and Rabbits play
And timid Does lead forth their dappled Fawns.

The Moon of Strawberries, rich-scented June,
With bird-wings crowds her sky of deeper blue.
Above the lake, brave-hearted, laughs the Loon;
And down the river glides the birch canoe.

The Moon of Maize Ears, bountiful July,
Gives food in plenty;—slack your arching bow.
The Muskrats fill their wigwams rafter-high.
The great Moose browse where water-lilies grow.

The Moon of Wild Rice Harvest, August, brings
The Summer's wane. The Buck in challenge calls;
The new-fledged Shelldrakes try their rapid wings,
And Ouananiche the Salmon leaps the Falls.

The Moon of Falling Leaves, vermilion-hued,
September reigns enthroned on mountain crags.
Flame-eyed, the Lynxes watch, while, mighty-thewed,
With clashing antlers strive the roaring Stags.

The Moon of Chestnuts, calm October, tells
The Squirrel tribe to fill their bins anew.
The singing birds have left our silent dells,
But hither range the roving Caribou.

The Moon of Snow-shoes, dull November, chills
The air, and gray and hard is all the earth.
The slow, white flakes descend upon the hills;
The Wolf Pack's howl forebodes the days of dearth.

The Great White Rabbit Moon, December, shuts
The waters fast and frees the stormy gales;
But like the Beaver Folk within their huts,
We'll sit about our lodge-fires, telling tales.

A FIELD HOSPITAL

Past the oldest woodchuck's burrow
Where the forest meets the furrow,
Close beside a tumbled wall
Lies the fairies' hospital.
Thither from their rocky cellars
Come the little cavern-dwellers;
Thither, wounded, bruised, and broke,
Flock the wood and meadow folk,
Tortoises with cleft cuirasses,
Limpy-legged hoppergrasses,
Minks with damaged paws in slings,
Bobolinks with tattered wings,
Draggled butterflies and millers,
Crippled snakes and caterpillars,
Ailing rabbits, dented snails,
Hirpling down converging trails
Toward that place of healing wend them.
Gentle elfin hands shall tend them

There, with all the herbs and worts
That are remedies for hurts,
Binding up the sores that grieve them
With soft bands that spiders weave them,
Heartening them with fennel brew,
Bathing them in blessèd dew;
Till the katydids and crickets
Leap once more among the thickets,
Till the butterfly and wren
Take the trails of air again.

ALL-OUT-DOORS

THE HOME WIND

Ho! Wind of the wild morasses!
Oh, breath of the high hill-passes!
Your call is sweet in the city street
As the voice of a friend to me.
Come, speak to a fellow-rover!
What news from the fields of clover?
What tidings now from the mountain's brow
And the waves of the open sea?

Your tale of the woods deliver—
Of oars on a golden river;
Do the ripples lisp and the broad blades crisp
As they did in a younger day?
Is ever a bark with motion
Like ours on the breast of Ocean,
With a drumming sail and a low lee-rail
And a bow in a burst of spray?

Though ne'er in the days to follow
We tent in the wooded hollow
Nor grip the wheel as the slanted keel
Is bared by the dropping swell,
We'll dream that the foam is whiter,
The air of the hills is brighter,
The woods are green with a deeper sheen,
Because they were loved so well.

The flare of the maple changes
The darks of the rough-backed ranges;
New camp-fires shine through the matted pine
And flame where the seaweeds lie;
Old hearths that the heart remembers
Glow red with awakened embers,
For others reign in our lost domain—
The world of the wind-swept sky.

A NOTE TO A GUIDE

DEAR Tom-o'-Woods, good day to you!
I take a pen to say to you
I'd like to run away to you—
    A city is a jail.
I loathe the walls that block us in,
The foolish rags they frock us in;
I want to wear a moccasin
    And feel the mossy trail—

To watch the forest shimmering,
The morning kettle simmering,
To know the flash and glimmering
    That dipping paddles make,
To taste the breath of June again,
To hear the calling loon again,
To see the mirrored moon again
    Within a dreaming lake.

A brook's clear laugh is haunting me,
A squirrel's chirr is taunting me;
I know the hills are wanting me—
The hills I long to roam.
Then fill a pack or two for me—
Oh, anything will do for me—
And patch the old canoe for me;
Your boy is coming home.

WHEN THE DEER COME DOWN TO DRINK

When the deer come down to drink,
  Their antlers shake the dark wild cherries;
The moss in which their small hooves sink
  Is gemmed with scarlet partridge-berries.

They glide where waves of bracken veil
  Some fallen forest king's disaster,
Or Indian-pipe are clustered pale
  On stems of moonlit alabaster.

The bucks with proud heads lead the way
  Through rocky glade and ferny hollow;
The does, with dappled fawns that play
  As softly as their shadows, follow.

Among the oaks a squirrel chirrs;
  A porcupine—the lubbard!—lurches
With rattling quills among the firs,
  A blue-jay scolds among the birches,—

Then all is still. A furtive mink
  Alone steals up through brush and cumber
To watch the deer come down to drink
  And feed where water-lilies slumber.

MOCCASINS

"Moccasins of moosehide, hanging by your thongs,
Where would you be taking me to-day?"
"Deep among the pine woods, where a man belongs!
Treading up the balsam-fragrant way.

"For the clouds have done their weeping,
All the cataracts are leaping,
White anemones are peeping
From the runnels of the snow;

"Down the wind the hawk is riding,
On the bough the jay is chiding,
And the little fawns are gliding
On the trails we used to know."

CANOE TRAILS

Broad is the track that the steamer takes
  Over the open sea.
Wide are the ways of the windy lakes,
  Dear are the lakes to me.
And the sparkling sound is good,
  Bright is the river, too;
But the stream that winds to the heart of the wood
  Is the trail of the little canoe.

Up through the fields where cattle browse,
  Up through the farms of rye,
Under the arching hemlock boughs,
  Under the laughing sky,
Out through the maze where the muskrats hide,
  Drawn like a silver clue,
Clear to the buttressed mountain-side
  Goes the trail of the little canoe.

Clean blue flags in stately ranks
  Stand where the shallows gleam;
Ferns grow thick on the mossy banks
  Edging the deeper stream;
Tanagers flash in the vaulted leaves
  Where, faint-shimmering through,
A drowsy pattern the sunlight weaves
  On the trail of the little canoe.

Dip of the paddle, gurgle and plash,
  Quiet, and bird-note clear,
White of the birch, gray of the ash—
  Balm of the heart is here!
Here where the boldest foot-paths cease,
  Here where the best is true,
The loveliest road to the shrines of peace
  Is the trail of the little canoe.

WASHINGTON AT TWENTY-ONE

THE EMBASSY TO THE FRENCH FORTS ON THE OHIO, 1753

Tie the moccasin, bind the pack,
Sling your rifle across your back,
Up! and follow the mountain track—
Tread the Indian Trail.
See! the light of the Westward Star
Shows the way to the streams afar!
Ours are tidings of Peace or War,—
Life and Death in the scale.

The leaves of October are dry on the ground;
The sheaves of Virginia are gathered and bound,
Her fallows are glad with the cry of the hound,
The partridges whirr in the fern;
But deep are the forests and keen are the foes
Where troubled Ohio in wilderness flows;
We've perils to conquer, and torrents and snows
To traverse before we return.

Hall and council-room, farm and chase,
Coat of scarlet with frill of lace,
All are excellent things, in place;
    Joy in these if ye can.
Mine be hunting-shirt, knife, and gun,
Camp aglow in the sheltered run,
Friend and foe in the checkered sun—
    That's the life for a man!

IN SEARCH OF A LAKE

I FEEL that the world is a blunder,
That life is a hopeless mistake,
And everything going to thunder;—
I'm going in search of a lake.

And neither by wheel nor by wagon;
No shaft-driven motor for me!
What use is the road-eating dragon
That can't climb a cliff or a tree?

Foot-free, with a sea breeze behind me,
Due north by a point or so west,
The sun o'er the ridges shall find me
Afar in pursuit of my quest,—

A lake, where the dip of the swallow
Is rilled to the furthermost shore,
Where ripples of melody follow
The leisurely sweep of the oar;

A lake that is nourished by fountains
  As pure as the winds in their flow,
A lake that is guarded by mountains
  That only a cragsman may know;

Where only the kingfisher's rattle
  Is heard, or the splash of a trout,
Or nothing more worthy of tattle
  Or reading or writing about.

The balsam shall roof me a shieling,
  My couch shall be spread in the brake;
I'll bathe in the waters of healing;—
  I'm going in search of a lake.

NOBUDDY

THE country fields are fenced with wood,
The city squares with stone;
They all belongs to Somebuddy
Who keeps 'em for his own;

They all belongs to Somebuddy,
Whatever he may be,
An' can't be used by Nobuddy—
By Nobuddy like me.

What Somebuddy may want 'em for
I don't know as I care;
I only want a place to rest
If there's a place to spare;

A patch o' grass to lie upon
That ain't for sheep or cows,
For movin', movin', movin' on
Is all the Road allows.

An' so I keep a-movin' on
  Apast the fields an' squares,
Until I strike the Open Land
  That's got to be, Somewheres;

A land without a fence or wall,
  A land of air an' sun,
Where woods are cool an' fields are green
  An' sweet, clear waters run;

An' far as weary foot kin tread
  Or wishful eye kin see,
It all belongs to Nobuddy—
  And Nobuddy is me.

ST. ANTHONY'S MISSAL

Mine eyes are weak with searching long
In works of mortal pen–
Rich litanies of sacred song
And lives of holy men.

Let others now the page unfold,
Let others gravely con
The codex bright with touch of gold
And rubricked colophon.

To-day I leave the cloistered nook,
I close the heavy tome;
For me unrolls a grander book
Than aught of Greece or Rome,—

The book my Father wrote for me
To read with reverent eye,
Whose hallowed leaves are only three,
The Earth, the Sea, the Sky.

THE WOOD-BABY

A BALKAN LULLABY

When I am torn from all my joy
Then who will care for thee, my boy?

Thy mother must the Mountain be;
Thy sister dear, the Hemlock-tree
About whose boughs the creepers cling
And weave a leafy cradle-swing
That, when the forest zephyrs blow,
Shall softly rock thee to and fro.
The watchful Owl shall hover nigh;
The Crickets chime thy lullaby.
When rains or dews of heaven fall
Shalt thou be bathed, Beloved of all.
The Rabbit brown, the Squirrel gray
For thy delight shall frisk and play;
And here, betimes, a Doe shall run
To suckle thee, O Little One!

THE STRANGER

A GYPSY LEGEND

He came before the lonely stead
  And spake in music rich and deep:
"Now let me in, and make my bed!
  The time hath come when I would sleep."

She drew the latch, that maiden brave,
  And bade the pallid stranger stay.
No word nor look of thanks he gave,
  But heavy, heavy, down he lay.

And seven times the sun arose,
  And seven times the shadow crept,
And still he breathed in deep repose,
  And still she watched the while he slept.

At length when dawning shimmered red
  He cast aside the drowsy spell;

Then, laughing clear, the maiden said,
"O, dark-haired youth, thou sleepest well!"

"My rest hath stayed a flood of tears—
That now must flow," the stranger spake;
"I sleep but once a thousand years,
And mankind sorrow when I wake."

"Then rest thee still!" she murmured low;
"Who art thou, youth?" He made reply,
"My name, alas! thou must not know,
For they that hear will surely die."

She laid his hand across her heart
And spake her truth with naught of shame:
"I love thee, whatsoe'er thou art;
Then let me die, but tell thy name!"

Oh, thrice the ruddy lips he pressed
And sadly kissed the golden head
That bowed and sank upon his breast:
"My name is Death!" the stranger said.

THE RETURN

MOTHER! I am your child!
Born of you—kin to your wilderness. Take me to
rest
Here, in the balsamy nave of your mountainous
breast!

Mother, long have I played.
All your domain was my playing-ground, highland
and vale;
Treetop and stream were my playmates, and billow
and gale.

Mother! Sing me to sleep.
Soft as the voice of the fir shall my slumber-song be
Deep as the organ that tones in your thunderous
sea.
Let me lie down!

"ALL'S WELL"

They tied their venturesome canoe
With hempen tether.
The trail was wide enough for two
(If close together).

The woods were hushed; the pleasant air
Was balsam-laden;
In dappled shade they wandered there,
The youth and maiden,

Beneath the leaves that, tenderwise,
Reached down to pat them,
And never dreamed how many eyes
Were staring at them.

A deermouse peeped from tufts of moss
To watch them nearing;
A woodchuck saw them safe across
The forest clearing.

Erect a rabbit sat, that he
Might better con them,
While saucy squirrels, two or three,
Dropped twigs upon them.

A doe and fawn looked forth amazed
Where birches whitened;
And all the woodfolk peered and gazed,
Yet none was frightened;

For, through the fern and branches bent
In leafy covers,
The whispered, rustling watchword went:
"Don't mind; they're lovers!"

LITTLE HOMES IN THE MOUNTAINS

Little homes in the mountains,
Little homes in the hills,
Up where the snow-born fountains
Melt in a score of rills:

Reared where the sky uncloses,
Up where the day is born,
Each with its garth of roses,
Each with its patch of corn;

Shack of the logger's rearing,
Hut in the craggy glen,
Cot in the sun-washed clearing,
Yours is a breed of Men!

Men of the larger pattern,
Men of the cleaner lives,
Fathers of clear-eyed children,
Husbands of plain-clad wives;

Strong with the day for labor,
  Calm when the star-vault domes,
Wise in the simpler wisdom,
  Blest in their little homes;

Up where the days are tranquil,
  Up where the nights are cool—
Little homes in the mountains
  Clustered about a school!

SONG OF THE FIRST FURROW

EADWARD, the Saxon freeman,
Wielder of sword and shield,
Flax-bearded prince of glee-men,
Came to the waiting field.

(Broken were Winter's fetters;
Done were the days of dearth;
Now must the wealth-begetters
Waken the fallow earth.)

Full on his linen tunic
Blazoned, the Cross he bore:
Burned on his belt in Runic
Symbols of Odin's lore;

Blue was his cloak, and sightly,
Clasped with a silver charm;
Gold was the torque that brightly
Circled his massive arm.

Breaking the ground-mole's burrow
Plodded his yokèd pair;
Cleanly, the fragrant furrow
Followed the cleaving share;

And as the loamy leaven
Rolled from the iron tongue,
Clear to his God in heaven,
Eadward, the plowman, sung:

"Erce! Erce! Erce!
Hear, for thy sons awake thee!
Hail to thee, silent Erda!
Hail to thee, Mother Earth!
God the Eternal bless thee;
God the Almighty make thee
Wide with the crop to nourish
All that are thine of birth!

"Warm be thy breast for seedlings,
Freed of the frost king's rigor,
Green be thy sprouts upspringing,
Wantoning, fresh and sweet.

Rich be thy vales in harvest;
Roll thou with corn in vigor;
Broaden with gold-beard barley;
Whiten with waving wheat!

"Ye that be high in heaven,
Angels and Saints and Hallows,
Stand ye about our bound'ries!
Guard them from blight and charm!
Safe from all droughts and blastings
Shield ye our fields and fallows;
Send none so wise in evil
Spell-craft to say them harm!

"Erce! Erce! Erce!
Erda! O silent Erda!
Drawn is the first free furrow,
Sown is the votive seed.
Soon be thy soft brown bosom
Fair as the front of Gerda,
Fertile and full of fodder,
Fruitful, our folk to feed!"

THE HARVEST-LINE

WARRIORS to whom the Wheat bows a comely head,
Conquerors, whose kindly steel wins the world its bread,
Polar zone and polar zone bound the battle-plain
Where ye strive and Famine flies, Reapers of the Grain!
South to North your legions march, up the rolling sphere;
Every day is Harvest-day, somewhere, all the year.
Though our northern fields may sleep, locked in frost and rime,
Somewhere, ever-gracious Earth rings with Harvest-time.

Close in Summer's fragrant wake, through the waving lands,
Trampling up our spinning globe come the Reaper Bands.

Ranged from sunset Oregon east to broad Cathay,—
Twenty miles, forty miles, sixty miles a day,—
Million-armed, the sun-browned host moves with one design;
Northward, ever northward, rolls the world's great Harvest-line.

Argentina's plains were reaped as the year began.
March: Her dusky harvesters billowed Hindustan.
April: Tawny Mexico hailed the troops advance.
June: The steady cradle-scythes swept the dales of France.
August: North to Idaho barn and bin are stored.
Last, in far Canadian vales gleans a sturdy horde.

Up the world, round the world, up the world again
Swings the never-resting steel that wins the Food of Men.
Million-armed, a sun-browned host moves with one design;
Northward, ever northward, rolls the world's great Harvest-line!

IN PRAISE OF APPLE-TREES

Our mountain firs are straight and tall;
  And oaks there be with mossy knees
And pleasant shade; but, best of all
  For comradeship, are apple-trees.

Waist-deep in fragrant meadow-grass,
  A kindly company are they;
And what is richer than the mass
  Of bloom that buries them in May?

Your hemlock sighs of forest combe;
  Your pine of rocky height or glen;
But apple-orchards breathe of home,—
  Their trees have always dwelt with men.

Beneath their boughs the cattle graze,
  Among their leaves the robins flute,
And bountifully Autumn weighs
  Their branches low with hardy fruit.

Yes, elm and beech have stately charms,
And so have sycamore and lime;
But apple-trees have friendly arms
That beg a little boy to climb.

NEPERHAN

The hills were brown, the fields were gray;
Enthralled in ice the river ran,
But golden was the air, the day
We sought the source of Neperhan.

The low, black alder's hardy slips
Grew thick beside each rustic span;
Their berries kissed with crimson lips
The frozen flow of Neperhan.

The hawk swung high; and, fearing not,
The squirrel fluffed his coat of tan.
Pure quiet hallowed every cot
That nestles by the Neperhan.

At dawn we left the idle mills;
At noon our long ascent began;
Sun-red, among December hills,
We found the source of Neperhan.

SKATING TO ALBANY

We drew the thong at toe and heel;
With youth and health we took the field;
Our skates were scimitars of steel;
They scarred old Hudson's icy shield.

Behind rose Storm King's silvered throne
Begirt with vassal spears of pine;
Before, the river, all our own,
Stretched ever north his frigid line.

We felt the thrill of pulsing tides—
The one delight that cannot cloy;
The miles we measured by our strides,
And every impulse was a joy.

High cities hailed us as we flew,
Quaint kobolds becked from crag and hill.
To us the clear nor'wester blew
The frosty kiss of Kaaterskill.

The day that died on crimson scaurs
  Bequeathed us night's transcending boon.
Oh, steel-black sky and diamond stars!
  Oh, pale enchantment of the moon!

BREAKING CAMP

Farewell, wild hearth where many logs have burned!
Among your stones the fireweed may grow.
The brant are flown, the maple leaves have turned,
The goldenrod is brown—and we must go.

Good-by, calm nights and unrepented days
Of brave, free life devoid of care and wrong,
Of hunters' fare, of merry-chorused lays,
And woodland hush more sweet than any song.

The owl shall hoot across a lonely lake
In whose full depths our moon imprisoned shines,
Whose drowsy waves no flashing paddles break,
Whose pebbled shores are fringed with dreaming pines.

The buck shall stamp and lift a furtive hoof—
Where once we dwelt the bear shall make her den;
The bat shall hang beneath a broken roof
Whose birchen cover knew the dreams of men.

L'ENVOI

HILLS

I NEVER loved your plains!—
  Your gentle valleys,
Your drowsy country lanes
  And pleachèd alleys.

I want my hills!—the trail
  That scorns the hollow.
Up, up the ragged shale
  Where few will follow,

Up, over wooded crest
  And mossy boulder
With strong thigh, heaving chest,
  And swinging shoulder,

So let me hold my way,
  By nothing halted,

Until, at close of day,
I stand, exalted,

High on my hills of dream—
Dear hills that know me!
And then, how fair will seem
The lands below me,

How pure, at vesper-time,
The far bells chiming!
God, give me hills to climb,
And strength for climbing!

THE END

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